

COUNTRY LIFE

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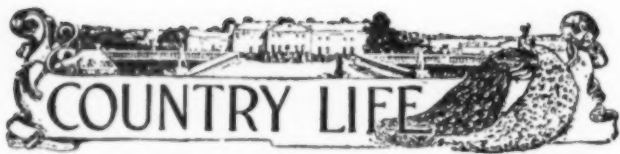
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COUNTESS BATHURST.

39a, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

THE LABOURER'S COTTAGE.

OUR columns have recently borne testimony to the unsleeping interest which the cottage question continues to excite in Great Britain. Indeed, the conditions which brought it to the front have been strengthened rather than weakened by recent events. The small holder is naturally anxious to have a home on his land, and for the agricultural labourer it becomes increasingly difficult to find a dwelling for himself and his household. Probably a reason for the increasing tension is that when houses become very old and dilapidated they are either condemned by the local authorities, or pulled down by the owner, who does not find that letting cottages is very profitable. Our indefatigable correspondent, Miss Constance Cochrane, sends us a letter this week marked by great knowledge and sound common-sense; but it is so long that in these stirring times we cannot afford space to print it, yet some of the points are so interesting that we cannot let the matter pass without notice. Miss Cochrane with great energy argues against those who form their own ideal of a labourer's cottage, and if they have to build one, build according to this notion of their own. Her suggestion is that, instead of doing this, some trouble should be taken to ascertain exactly what the women-folk of the village require in a cottage. It would not be difficult to meet their simple needs if pains were taken to understand them. The village woman, as a rule, does not want a large house, but one that is compact, and with every corner easily accessible, and she would as soon as not that there were no stairs or steps in it. We have to remember that she does the whole of the work inside, and in many cases a little of that outside too. Where a poor man farms for himself, either as a tenant or owner, he often requires the help of his womenkind, and such help is an addition to the burden of work that always falls on them. It is a main requirement that there should be as little running up and down stairs as possible, and that the arrangement of the house should be such as to

make the work easy. We noticed when the model cottages were on view at Letchworth, that in a large number of cases the stairs were constructed with a bend or turn in them that must have made it extremely awkward for anybody who had to carry domestic articles up and down them. If there is a staircase at all it should be straight, not only because that would simplify the building, but because it is easier to march straight upstairs than to have to turn and negotiate a corner with, probably, cumbrous articles.

Another thing that the cottage woman wants very much is a large larder. Architects and builders from the town seldom remember that the woman of the cottage cannot go out to market every day, or even every Saturday, and buy her foodstuffs in small quantities like the town artisan's wife. She requires a larder that will hold bread-pans, meat in pickle, flour-bins, drinking water, vegetables, apples, home-made jams, and sometimes potatoes and onions, according to Miss Cochrane, who speaks on this subject with evident knowledge. Thus a large and cool larder is necessary to the comfortable cottage. Very often the mistake is made of building much too large a scullery, with the idea that the steam and smells of washing and cooking may thus be got rid of. The event very often turns out very different from what was expected, and the whole household may be seen crowding into the scullery to have their meals, or to smoke and gossip after meals, while the kitchen is reserved as a kind of best room. A small scullery, then, and a large kitchen would generally be required by a thrifty housewife.

The question of a sitting-room is difficult. Many cottage women would not take a house without one, although they do not enter it more than once or twice in the year, at Christmas, perhaps, and when the clergyman's wife pays her periodical call. This, it appears, is superfluous; but we must always try to look at things from the woman's point of view. If she considers it necessary to the respectability of her home to have a sitting-room, it is of little use for those who have what they consider more advanced and intelligent notions to force them upon the woman in the cottage. On the other hand, there are many people who use a room of this kind for the oddest purposes. We have seen one used regularly as a potato store, or as a place for keeping apples and other garden fruits. An interesting point to be studied is bedroom accommodation. Three bedrooms are usually required, and one ought to have a fireplace in it in case of sickness. There is no need to have fireplaces in the others. The healthy cottager does not go to his bedroom to read and write or to think, but to sleep, and for that purpose artificial heat is not at all desirable in the room. Most of those who are able to choose what they like best for themselves would not think of having a fire in the bedroom so long as they were not invalids. Miss Cochrane ventures with a great deal of temerity, and also with more sound sense, to assert that a bath is a superfluity in a cottage. Very few labourers, indeed, care anything at all about one, and when they want an extra wash there are tubs that serve the purpose excellently. During the greater part of the year there is always some brook or pond or stream in which the young people can learn to swim, and thus a natural bath is provided for them; but in point of fact the cottage bath is very often adapted to purposes that would surprise the man who put it there. Another knotty question is what regulations and bye-laws are necessary to guide the builder? It ought to be recognised that the right of the community to interference in this way at all rests only in regard for the general health. If the cottage be so insanitary as to attract disease and breed infection, no one can dispute the right of the local authorities to come in and interfere. But, on the other hand, it is highly absurd to apply to cottages that often stand completely by themselves in the midst of fields and orchards those rules that were designed for the guidance of considerable centres of population. The late Dr. Vivian Poore used to have a saying, "where there are drains there is danger," and it may be well to recollect that dangerous gases and malignant germs are often generated in the covered drain, whereas the sewage of a cottage may generally be returned to the earth in a manner that will help the fertility of the soil, and be inoffensive to those of the most particular taste.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Countess Bathurst. Lady Bathurst is a daughter of the late Lord Glenesk, and her marriage to Earl Bathurst took place in 1893.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES



LAST week King Edward VII. entered upon the tenth year of his reign, and though the fact was not celebrated in any ostentatious manner, it was quietly noted with great satisfaction by all his subjects. On the events of the decade the historical eye looks back with satisfaction. It has been, in the first place, a period of peace as far as our country is concerned, and no one can doubt that this satisfactory state of affairs has been largely due to the pacific influence exercised by His Majesty. During his reign King Edward has done much to deserve the title of "Peacemaker." In many other respects he has endeared himself to his subjects, chiefly by the exercise of that sober judgment and practical common-sense which are the distinguishing marks of Englishmen all the world over. There has been nothing to regret, nothing to explain away, in his public actions since the day that he succeeded Queen Victoria; and this praise, though it may sound moderate, is very high indeed, when we remember what experiences other nations have gone through.

It is very difficult for the unbiassed spectator of the recent political struggle to draw any sound general conclusions from the events that have taken place before his eyes. He sees, however, that in modern politics there is scant room for the independent thinker. The free-lance or political adventurer, even of the best type, has very little chance of being elected. The two most prominent examples of this are Mr. Harold Cox and Lord Robert Cecil. It appears that in these days neither party nor constituency will encourage the detached ally, and yet much is missed by not having an absolutely independent representative in the House of Commons. Mr. Harold Cox especially was wont to examine questions with a penetration, originality and, one might add, good humour which were peculiarly his own. Yet, on the whole, it will be seen that the constituencies have been faithful to great men on whichever side of the House they happened to be. The election has witnessed few of those sensational defeats that were a prominent feature of the struggle in 1906.

Not long ago it seemed as though the modern American Trust had even baffled Mr. Roosevelt's attempt to foil it; but where legislation was powerless the people themselves have succeeded. In Washington, Chicago and other great towns they have organised a No Meat Revolt, which, if carried out, must inevitably bring the prices down. In a few days the number of workpeople belonging to this movement grew from forty-five thousand to over three millions. They have vowed not to eat meat for thirty or forty days, and already the price of beef in Chicago has gone down fourpence a pound. It will not require much self-denial to abstain from meat in America, because during recent years the cookery of vegetables has been vastly improved. No doubt when the "strike" is over a proportion of those who engaged in it will have learned to prefer a vegetable diet. Public sympathy is entirely against the Beef Trust. It had no excuse for raising prices. The farmers are not getting more for the slaughtered animals. The Trust works for its own pocket exclusively. The lesson will be taken to heart. If the Beef Trust can be defeated by a little self-denial, so can the various other Trusts that have been formed to raise the price of goods without benefiting the producer.

It is clear that popular indignation is directed mostly against the abuse of that useful invention, cold storage. It

appears that those who control the Trust, when they can buy their meat cheaply, do not let their customers have the benefit, but store it up in freezing-chambers until the prices rise, when they can unload it at an immense profit. In some of the American papers it has already been vigorously advocated that this manipulation of the cold storage should be rendered illegal, and it would be very difficult to confute those who assert that it is illegitimate. Yet cold storage is in itself a most admirable contrivance. It enables meat and vegetables to be sold in England, for example, fresh and good after they have been carried many thousands of miles from the place in which they were produced.

We are glad to publish Lord Denbigh's letter on beet-growing in Lincolnshire. It is most desirable that sugar should be made in this country if it be possible to do so at a profit. No doubt, if the industry were once well established, it would quickly be developed and improved, as is the way with most industries that are taken up by Englishmen. In regard to our own comments on the cause of failure, it was not our purpose to say either that the previous failure to grow beet would be repeated, or that the capital asked was too great. What we did mean was that countrymen with money to invest had a prejudice against an industry that had not succeeded before, and that the sun looked vast in their eyes. The exact facts about the Lavenham experiment have been printed in our columns before, although we are glad once more to state them, if they help Lord Denbigh to make out his case.

THE MAGICIAN.

Orpheus with his all-conquering lute of old
Charmed to submission mountain-tops and trees,
But you, Princess, a potent sceptre hold
To sway a race more difficult than these.

For at the magic of your touch, I find,
Into the background of oblivion slip
Sorrow, depression, weariness of mind,
While very pain relaxes her fierce grip.

Your freesia-scented drawing-room is small,
But breathes the presence of an artist's hand;
Your tiny Broadwood jutting from the wall
Speaks with the tone and volume of a Grand.

So chasing all the cares of life away,
Come, shroud my soul in happiness complete,
As with an innate sympathy you play
The glorious Prelude of the Holberg Suite.

R. S. T. C.

Those of our older readers whose childhood was spent in the country will have many curious memories stirred by the letters which Mr. Bonnett's article on the Mummers' Play have provoked. A correspondent makes the interesting suggestion that the "Pace Egg Play" and the dialogue of the Mummers was once one and the same thing, although the Pace Egg was essentially an Easter institution, whereas the other was a Christmas pastime, for which the origin should probably be sought in Pagan rites. There is evidently a connection between them and the Roman saturnalia. At any rate, it was usual in the latter for men to dress as women, and women as men, and in the old "guisers" there was always a "Bessie," that is to say, a boy dressed as a girl, who, in the version that prevailed in the North of England, used to open the proceedings with a speech beginning "Red sticks, red stools," "Red" being a patois word for "clear away." The dialogue has been greatly corrupted in the course of being orally handed down through so many centuries, and the local versions often differ so much as to render it hard to find any resemblance.

A case tried in the City of London Courts on Monday will interest all those who make use of our high roads. The plaintiffs were a firm of brewers who sued a gas company to recover £6 14s. 11d., for damage done to a motor-lorry in Weir Hill on September 17th, 1909. It appears from the evidence that the gas company had made a trench in the road, and then filled it up by hand ramming, so that it was loose in comparison with the rest of the road. The plaintiff's lorry goes fortnightly from Tottenham to Southend, and in returning through Rayleigh it suddenly went into this trench up to the axle, and payment was demanded to replace a twin tire which had burst in the accident. The brewers succeeded in their action, and Judge Lumley Smith told the jury that if anyone took up the high road it was his duty to leave the whole of it so that it was safe for motors or anything else; in fact, all ordinary traffic that went along the road.

A letter which that charming comedienne, Mme. Yvette Guilbert, sends to the *Daily Telegraph* throws a curious light upon the incomes of those who earn their livelihood in the music-halls.

She denies that she ever received a salary of £800 a week. Her highest record in London was only £480 for a week of six performances. Even that small sum would not be despised by a great many men and women who consider that they are doing more important work than entertaining the audience at a music-hall! She seems to consider that £300 a week is a fair compensation for "an artist of great reputation, of great popularity, of long years' standing." Her grievance is that on these slight earnings she is obliged by an unsympathetic English Government to pay income-tax. Actually she is every year charged the enormous tax of about £70. If Tariff Reform is ever accepted as a policy by this country, it will be interesting to note what duty is put upon music-hall "artists."

No doubt people in the country will take different views about the maintenance of the old country fairs. If they happen to have been personally annoyed by their proximity they will object to them and wish them abolished from the face of the earth; if, on the other hand, their withers are unwrung, as are those of the present writer, by any such annoyance, they will be all in favour of the continuance of the old and picturesque institutions. Whatever be their views, however, it appears from the report of the committee of the Showmen's Guild, which was presented at the recent annual general meeting of the guild at the Agricultural Hall, that the fairs which still survive are well holding their own. It was especially mentioned that the long and annually threatened Mitcham Fair had been held last year in spite of the would-be abolitionists, and a determination was expressed to persevere with it. The guild received with satisfaction the undoubtedly wise step taken by Parliament in appointing a Select Committee to enquire into the provisions of the Movable Dwellings Bill as they would affect the showmen and their families, who as a class are both respectable and hard-working.

A famous Frenchman, M. Bertillon, has been drawing up a set of figures that ought to have an effect on the marriage rate. He has come to the conclusion that the married man or woman has three times the chance of attaining old age that is possessed by the bachelor or spinster, and the moral that he brings in incidentally is that a man should take good care of his wife, because if she dies he has to face the fact that mortality is far greater among widowers than among married men. The same generalisation holds good for women. On one point, however, M. Bertillon is not quite satisfactory. He does not give sufficient weight to the argument that married people as a rule are stronger than unmarried, because valetudinarians and weaklings are more likely to remain single than are the young and strong.

On a good many of the spring salmon rivers that open early, such as the Helmsdale and Thurso, the Tay and Lyon, the water has been rather higher than the angler likes, yet some good fish have been taken; and we cannot but think that the great improvement which we have seen in the spring angling on the Tay of late years is a very strong endorsement indeed of the opinion confidently expressed by Mr. Calderwood that it is the netting, or rather the abuse of the netting, the over-netting, that is the reason why many more rivers are not "spring rivers." He adduces the name of the Tweed especially, which, as we all know, has the name and character of a "late river." He argues that there is no reason in Nature why it should be later than the Northesk and Southesk and so on, but that it is the over-netting that is the cause of the lateness. Returning to the Tay, it was not until that river was practically taken over by a strong and wealthy syndicate, which modified a great deal of the once excessive netting, that its spring fishing was any real good at all. Since that action has been taken, the spring fishing has shown a remarkable and constant improvement. It is, of course, just possible that though the improvement is *post* the decrease of the netting, it is not also *propter* that decrease; but it seems much more likely that it is a true case of cause and effect.

All English people must be anxiously watching in their mind's eye the still rising waters of the Seine, which, further swollen by the Marne and the Yvonne, are threatening Paris with a disaster, the magnitude of which it is hard to realise. There is nothing which brings home more forcibly the extent of the peril than the fact that it may be necessary to destroy by dynamite some of the bridges that span the river. All who know and love their Paris will tremble for the Pont des Arts and the Pont d'Alma, two of the most beautiful bridges over the Seine, and the two that are more immediately threatened. Of these, the Pont d'Alma is in the gravest danger; already photographs have shown us that there is terribly little daylight to be seen between the middle arch of the bridge and the flood beneath; this, too, with the river still rising rapidly. It is easy to see that if the water once reaches the top of the arch, the enormously increased resistance to the flood must be fraught with fearful danger. The

Ile de la Cité, too, where Notre Dame stands, is reported to be in danger, the cellars being all flooded, and bakers afraid lest the impossibility of heating their ovens should bring on a bread famine. Paris is very much more than merely a national capital, and France may be sure of the anxious sympathy of the whole civilised world.

A very pleasant feature of the Royal Horticultural Society's fortnightly flower show at Westminster was the dinner given to Mr. H. J. Veitch, at which Mrs. Veitch was presented with a replica of her husband's portrait. The original is to be hung in the Council Room of the society, who thus pay a worthy tribute to one who has done a great deal for horticulture. It is something of a tribute to the garden-loving qualities of Englishmen, that even those who have not so much as a square inch of garden or a single flower-pot would always be able to name instantaneously some of our great gardeners, and Mr. Veitch certainly not last among them.

Gardens in the counties south of London are rather abnormal at the moment, and their eccentricities reflect and express very accurately the unusual weather conditions that we have passed through. There is no sign of flower on the almonds, which were in bloom before Christmas last year. On the other hand, we see that a good many kinds, those which have been influenced by the unusual mildness of January, and little, if at all, affected by the previous cold, are very well forward. The snowdrops and crocuses are out, there are numbers of primroses, the winter jasmine is in extraordinarily rich flower, we have the hepatica and the winter aconite, some of the honeysuckles are in leaf, and the bulbs have thrust their leaves well above ground.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE.

He longed for a Great Adventure,
For his life was dull and straight;
No dragons lingered about his path,
No Saracens thronged his gate.
Men past on the road to battle,
Or followed the sounding chase
But his was the struggle for common things
In the dust of the market place.
When the years were long behind him
And he feared to be growing old
He tried to barter adventurous deeds
For the weight of his gathered gold:
But the path was smooth and easy
Well beaten under his tread,
The battles he sought had been long since fought
And all the dragons were dead.
So he shouldered his spear in silence
And turned to his unloved ease,
His shining armour about his walls
His sword unsoiled at his knees.
And there at last ere his strength was past
In the peace of his fireside
He met with the Great Adventure
Struck once at the foe and died.

KATHLEEN CONYNGHAM GREENE.

It is always interesting to walk through the markets in the winter months and take heed of the fruits displayed. A few years ago home-grown apples, pears and grapes were the chief products, but at the present time the most conspicuous feature is the consignment of excellent peaches from the Cape. The importation of fruit from abroad, especially the Cape, has revolutionised our markets. It is impossible to obtain such fruit in the English garden during the winter season, and the peaches from the Cape are as delicious and well-coloured as any that can be purchased here when the fruit is in full season. During recent years the fruit industry has developed marvellously at the Cape, and it is possible, owing to perfect packing and storage, to land peaches in splendid condition after a journey of many thousands of miles. It is interesting to know also that the kinds grown are the same as those favoured in this country, early Alexander and Sea Eagle being in most request. Peaches and nectarines are for the most part grown under glass in this country, but at the Cape the trees are in the open ground—a notable contrast.

The friends and supporters of the Gardeners' Royal Benevolent Institution may congratulate themselves on the excellent work done during the past year. This charity, which has for its objects the assistance of aged gardeners who are unable to follow their employment and the widows of gardeners, has now been in existence for seventy-three years. During the first year £72 was contributed to the funds, and the following year two candidates were elected for pensions. During 1909 the total income was £14,254 2s. 1d., and at the annual meeting

held last week the committee were enabled to place twenty-six pensioners on the funds, in addition, of course, to those already receiving pensions. The institution is national in character and deservedly receives support from all classes. Although the progress made during the past year is highly satisfactory, there

were a number of deserving candidates who could not be granted pensions, and more help is needed. It is pleasing to find the institution so warmly supported by many who employ gardeners, by the heads of the leading seed and nursery firms throughout the country, and by the salesmen in Covent Garden Market.

"US WHO DU KNAW."



WAITING FOR THE TIDE.

A GALE from the south-east had raged all night, and now, at the moment of writing, the roll of the waves sent the spray dashing across the rocks above which stands the castle at the mouth of Spearmouth Harbour, thundering against the protecting shutters of the lower rooms, then, repulsed, with a rush pouring the waters into the seething pool on the inner side, wherein seaweeds, torn from their roots by the fury of the gale, were accumulating rapidly, forming a shining mass of brown and gold. Outside the castle ledge a large expanse of water is half encircled by a shoulder of the Down ending

in a precipitous cliff, which gives a certain amount of protection to the longshore fishermen whose lobster-pots were to-day giving their corks

a lively dance on the turbulent waters. A Cornish fishingsmack came round the point, and was immediately recognised by a flock of gulls which from a very early hour had been at work in the oozy soil of the ploughed fields above, breakfasting off the dead things drowned by the rain and sundry slugs and snails besides. With loud laughs and screams of delighted anticipation they swooped down on the little vessel which, they well knew, was returning from the fishing-grounds, and sundry tit-bits might be thrown overboard for the



Riley Fortune.

HERRING-GULLS FLYING OVER THE WATER.

Copyright.

*Riley Fortune.*

GUILLEMOTS ON A SUMMER SEA.

Copyright.

asking, for what Cornish or Devonshire fisherman does not recognise his friends in the gulls?

Flocks of the black heads, newly returned from the breeding-grounds, far from this lovely Western bay, had met this company and dispersed again ere the boat gained the harbour. No self-respecting gull would pass the pool under the castle this morning without turning over that glistening seaweed for dead matter hidden within the coils, and many a joyous laugh was raised again as they came upon a feast of small crabs and marine

insects vainly endeavouring to escape the sharp beaks. One young black head had a troublesome nut to crack in a hermit crab crouching within a tough shell. Twice it was taken up in the strong young beak and dropped from a height on the hard, pointed rock before it was sufficiently cracked to discover the inmate; but then, what a feast he provided. So busy was his conqueror that he was saved from joining other inexperienced young gulls, who raised a laugh from the old birds as they followed in the wake of an outgoing cutter for

*O. G. Pike.*

"ABOVE THE SLEEPLESS LAPSE OF TIDES."

Copyright.

some minutes before they discovered that where no fish were on board no refuse was likely to be cast away from a fishing-boat. These returned with dejected mien to face the banter of their wiser comrades, and to take up the work again along the shores of the harbour, where for gulls of every sort there is, indeed, always enough and to spare. Only in the grounds surrounded by trees, whose branches catch their wings and send them stumbling to the ground, whence their efforts to rise are often unavailing, do gardeners at Spearmouth find slugs or snails in any number.

The sight of gulls is unerring. They swoop from a height as they soar above the waters, to snatch up a bit of refuse from a wave; then, with a quick flapping of wings, they rise for a breaker, and again return to search for more, when, perhaps, some rapid movement in the sea afar off causes a rush of the whole flock, and frequently do Spearmouth fishermen watch the direction of their flight before deciding on the fishing-grounds for the day.

The Cornish boat was in, and the fish packed off by train, when a low and ominous growl of fury from a group of men on the quay listening to the crew's experiences betokened some news that roused the ire of Devon and Cornish men alike. It proved to be a rumour that the protection accorded to gulls, which has proved such a godsend to the fishermen that the bird is known as "the poor man's friend," was about to be withdrawn, and this with an idea that an increase of fish would be the result.

"Why for," asked a fine, dark-eyed scion of an old stock, "doant them up-country folk come down to ask of we before they du make such fules o' their selves? Can the gulls dive? Gin they du git a fish ut mun come up top first. 'Taint a many they du git, and look 'ee there now!"

He pointed to a low terrace of an ancient inn, rising from the waters of the harbour, whence a comely old dame was busily emptying the contents of a pail for which, apparently, some gulls had been waiting, for they swooped down almost before the savoury morsels had touched the waves, and nothing was to be seen or smelt when they returned to the roofs above to watch for another batch.

"'Taint for long they've a-done that," said another youth. "They be rare tame o' late years; they niver came on the roofs in times gone by."

"Up-country folk baint such fules as they du say," growled another; "doant yu b'lieve ut. 'Tis the sport they du want, and the oomen push them on to git t' feathers for the hats; 'tis nought else, and us 'll not 'low ut to Spearmouth, law or no."

"Ay lad, shake hands," exclaimed one of the Cornishmen. "'Tis sworn in Cornwall that t' man who shoots a gull 'ull be lynched be he whoever he may, and Cornish men du mane what they du say."

A united roar of applause greeted this announcement, which ended in a cry for the opinion of Captain Cary, an old weather-beaten tar, for many years pilot, and now generally to be seen on the quay ready to listen to yarns or to relate them.

Settling himself on the rude bench whence the coalers and their crews were wont to watch for steamers, espied far off by the scouts on the heights above, the Captain folded his hands over his ample front, and, with the circle of eager faces hanging on his words, their owners standing a few feet from the narrator to give him breathing space, he told his tale.

"'Tis not so many years ago that the gulls were frightened away from the harbour mouth by the guns, and often then, as us rocked in t' boat outside awaiting a call for pilot, did us see the white feather heap on the waves and knaw it to be a drowning gull shot crool, and glad maybe to be out of its pain. Left to die, boys, by the young fellers for sport, say they! Not

even had for the plumes; but oftentimes the train took hampers of them too, and now they du say the shops to Lunnon be as full as ever they was."

"'Tis them oomen," murmured a lad, "and they du think us 'll give them t' vote."

A roar of dissentient laughter followed this suggestion.

"Let en speak to a Devonshire missis or even a lass—her'll knaw better; let en hear what her du say," spoke another.

"Ah—us du knaw," said one, complacently; "but we'm interruptin'."

"I du mind the day," continued the Captain, "when t' scare broke out. The harbour warn't fit to walk in, let alone sleep, and t' sweetest of the lot was took the first. 'Twas the pool by the castle that was the worst. Captain Tempest lived there then, and his lady loved the gulls, and had tamed many a young



Bentley Beetham

"O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS."

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un to follow her about the garden and the rocks. Her would watch the black heads go in the spring and come back in the summer with their young, and the kittiwakes would nest on the cliffs above the castle and come down for the food her scattered for them. Oftentimes have her pointed en out to me—'Look 'ee there, Captain,' her say, 'doant yu see ut?' and sure enough there was a heap of seaweed on the ledge and the bird nesting in it. Well, they were scared right away from the harbour. It happened one time when her was in Lunnon, and when her come back, 'twas to find no gulls; even her pets shot dead, and the whole lot scattered. The stench from the pool and the harbour was somethin' awful. Well, her sickened with the fever that took many in the town, and her died. The captain sold the castle, and us lost two good friends as well as the gulls. The Lord sent the fever to larn us for sure, and he'll send ut agin."

"But us 'll du His work maybe, Cap'n, by larning t' folk oursen, and us 'll save t' gulls."

"The oomen doant see the Queen a-wearing the birds. Why can't they take after she?"

The angry roar from many throats was mingled with vehement denunciation of "up-country oomen," who sent their

men to deprive the poor of their gull friends; and the mandate went forth that day from Spearmouth, as it already had from Cornwall, whose natives have a way of making their own laws in these matters, that "the poor man's friend" shall not be shot with impunity, and "gin en ask who du give the word, yu mun say—Us who du know."

K. K.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

ORGANISING THE MILK SUPPLY.

AN extremely valuable paper on this subject is contributed to the current number of the *Journal of the Board of Agriculture* by Mr. Nugent Harris, who is the secretary of the Agricultural Organisation Society. His argument is that the farmers should join themselves together to produce a pure milk that would satisfy the medical men and be a boon to their customers.

The characteristics of a pure milk include "healthy cattle, proper feeding, sanitary cowsheds, clean milking, the filtration, aeration and cooling of the milk, and its maintenance at a low temperature until it reaches the consumer; and it is by co-operation between the producers that these can be most economically and satisfactorily carried out." The plan that he advocates is apparently that pursued by the Wensleydale Pure Milk Society, which has its headquarters and dairy at Northallerton, and supplies large quantities of milk to the principal towns in the North of England. The milk is cooled and sent to Northallerton for bottling at the central depot of the society, and the farmers who supply the milk do so under most stringent conditions. "The cows must be certified as fit by the society's inspector; special rules must be followed for feeding, milking, and for general treatment. The strictest cleanliness with regard to milking and the care of the milk-cans is enforced. At milking-time, as each can of milk becomes full, it is removed to the shed for filtration. From the filter the milk runs over a cooling apparatus, is received into twelve-gallon cans, which are closed and sealed by the farmer, and sent off to the railway station. The farmer must exercise intelligence and energy to satisfy the demands of the society, but an increased price for the milk repays his labour. On one farm at Hawes only cows that have passed the tuberculin test are kept, and the milk from these cows is sold at an extra charge, and is designed especially for children and invalids." An improvement in this direction has been made by the Bath and West of England Society, which offers prizes for dairy herds that are inspected at their own homes.

NATURAL PULVERISERS.

We are proud of our modern science as applied to agriculture, and very great have been its triumphs, which all men must recognise who, with an unbiassed mind, can look back for half a century and picture things as they then were. But while robbing Nature of her secrets and forcing the earth to yield more abundant crops, we should remember that we are dealing with a

power that strikes her own balances, and will not brook violent interference without due recognition at the same time of her laws of compensation. It has been found, for instance, that the costly use of nitrates on heavy, retentive soils has a bad after-effect on the working of such land by making it solid and impervious to the air; but why this should be so is not understood by all who have noticed the fact. I remember an enthusiastic and progressive farmer, a neighbour of my own many years ago, saw the reason at a glance. He had applied nitrate of soda rather heavily and grown a heavy crop of wheat, but declared he would use no more on clay land. Being asked his reason for this decision, he said: "It killed every worm, and the land won't do well again for years."

SHEEP STOCKS AND SUPPLIES.

When the fall in the value of sheep occurred in 1908, and continued month after month, we were all fairly puzzled how to account for it. All sorts of causes were suggested, but none of those put forward was quite satisfactory. Some authorities said it was owing to the million and a-half increase at home, others that the people were losing their taste for mutton, while many attributed the trouble to the bad state of trade and loss of purchasing power on the part of consumers. As facts in connection with the subject have become known, however, the position has since become clear enough, and we are no longer in doubt as to the source of the mischief. Before dealing with that aspect of the question, it may be useful to traverse the same ground in connection with sheep stocks which I dealt with in the case of cattle in a recent issue. In the thirty years from 1878 to 1908, it appears that Europe, including Great Britain, decreased its sheep stocks by 31,000,000. In the dependencies of Great Britain there was an increase of nearly 69,000,000, and in foreign countries outside Europe the net increase was about 5,000,000. The total net increase in the meat-trade world during that period was 35,500,000, the grand totals being in 1878 424,000,000, and in 1908 459,500,000. These are, of course, round numbers and subject to inexactitudes by the absence, in some of the countries, of returns quite up to date.

Now it is evident that an increase of 35,500,000 in thirty years, though in itself a large one, is really very small in proportion to the growth of the population over the whole of the area concerned, for everybody knows that the people of Great Britain, Germany, Russia and the United States



"CHANGED AND COVERED O'ER WITH WHITENESS."

alone have multiplied exceedingly during the same period. Judging only by the reserve stocks and what weight of mutton they represent for each person, we might expect that values would be higher instead of lower. But, as was recently pointed out by a competent authority to the members of the Statistical Society, market prices in the only country available for disposing of the world's surplus are not regulated by reserve stocks, but by available supplies. This brings us to the consideration of what has happened during the last three years to the trade in sheep and mutton and the effect which over-trading has had on prices. It was not till the spring of 1908 that there was any sign of the coming depression in the value of British sheep; but movements had begun twelve months earlier which were certain to lead to it. Prices had been high and there was a good margin for profit on imported frozen mutton. Speculation became rife, and Argentina, with our Australasian Colonies, began largely to increase their exports. All above current requirements went into cold storage, and during 1907 and 1908 stocks in London and other large centres rapidly accumulated, and the process went on all through last year, till the available space in the stores was crammed to overflowing. Was it wonderul, then, that such a pressure should bring down prices? They did, indeed, come down with a run. Retailers bought frozen mutton at absurd prices, but charged their customers almost as much as ever, reaping a heavy plunder thereby, and pushing British mutton aside because the frozen paid them so much better. This is the position in a nutshell, but I will conclude by telling my readers a fact or two known to very few, as they are not mentioned in the papers, for very obvious reasons. First, at the present moment there is enough frozen mutton in cold storage in London to meet all market requirements for six months without the addition of another carcass from abroad; but yet arrivals are heavier than they were this time last year. This is a very serious fact and seems to make the position hopeless. Let us, however, seek for a little more light on the subject. Second, it is well known that heavy losses have been suffered by speculators. I have no means of ascertaining those of shippers; but in the Central Market alone upwards of £200,000 was lost during 1909 by the buyers of cargoes. Thus British farmers are not the only losers by the wild over-trading which has been going on. One more point remains, perhaps the most important of all. I have it on the very best authority that the New Zealand farmers are depleting their stocks and their present exports are quite out of proportion to their breeding flocks. Surely, then, we may conclude that, while on the one hand the resources of one of the great sources of supply are rapidly diminishing, and, on the other, business on this side is being conducted at such heavy loss, matters cannot long remain as they are at present and that a reaction must inevitably take place before long.

A. T. MATTHEWS

LAW AND THE LAND.

RECENTLY a portion of the Peel settled estates was sold and the money realised invested by the trustees in the purchase of railway stock. The contract to buy was made on July 29th, on which date the dividend for the previous half-year had been declared by the company, but was not payable till the middle of August. By the custom of the Stock Exchange a purchaser of stock in such circumstances is entitled to receive the dividend when paid. A question arose whether the trustees must retain the dividend as capital, or pay it to the tenant-for-life as income. The Court decided that the money must be regarded as capital, which seems reasonable. It had not been earned or declared during the period of investment, and was really something in the nature of a prospective cash addition to the purchased stock, and in consideration of its attaching the trustees would have paid a higher price for the stock than they would have done had they bought *ex div.* It may be noted, however, that when a dividend has been partly earned after the date of investment and partly before, the Court will not apportion the amount between capital and income, but will allow the tenant-for-life to take the entire dividend as income. This is on account of the difficulty there would be in settling the exact figures on an apportionment.

Mr. Justice Eve has just had to decide an uncommon point, and one of considerable interest to owners and occupiers of agricultural land. The lessee of a farm had covenanted not to plough up pasture land. After he had been in possession for some years, he sowed with grass a field that had been regularly tilled for twelve years. Seven years later he received notice to quit, and enquired whether the landlord would pay compensation in respect of the land put into grass. The landlord refused to pay, whereupon the farmer threatened to plough up the grass, and the landlord brought an action to restrain him from so doing. It was held that the covenant must be construed as referring only to land which was pasture land at the date of the covenant, and that, as the field in question was not then pasture, the farmer



SNOW IN THE FARMYARD.

would neither commit any breach of the covenant nor any waste by ploughing it, and that, therefore, the action failed.

It is well known that before a landlord can succeed in an action for the recovery of possession of a small tenement on the ground that the tenant is in arrear for half a year's rent, it must be proved that "no sufficient distress was then to be found on the premises to countervail such arrear." It has now been held that it is not necessary for the landlord actually to distrain in order to prove the insufficiency, but that the fact may be evidenced in any other manner that satisfies the judge that there were not, in fact, goods of sufficient value upon the demised premises to satisfy a distress for the half-year's arrears of rent should such be made.

A point of some interest to all who live in the country came before the High Court of Justice last week: Is it lawful to catch rabbits in spring traps placed in the open? When the Ground Game Act was passed in 1880, a section was inserted prohibiting the use of spring traps for killing ground game anywhere except in rabbit-holes, the reason for this section being not a humanitarian one against the use of spring traps, but one for the protection of pheasants and other game. If a tenant could place spring traps anywhere about his farm that he please, he would very soon, if he knew his business, take a very heavy toll of all the game on the place; and the excuse that the trap was set for ground game would be so obvious and so very difficult to disprove that game-preserving would be almost impossible, and poachers' pheasants would be sold in every village. So to obviate this it was provided that spring traps should only be used in rabbit-holes. In this case the appellant had by deed the exclusive right of killing rabbits on certain sandhills which were not part of his farm, and on these sandhills he set out in the open spring rabbit traps for the purpose of catching rabbits. He was proceeded against under Section 6 of the Ground Game Act, which provides "That no person having a right of killing ground game under the Act or otherwise . . . shall employ spring traps except in rabbit-holes." The Justices convicted him, holding that he was a person having a right of killing ground game (which it was admitted rabbits are) under the Act or otherwise. It was contended that he was not a person who had the right under the Act, and this was not denied; but it was urged that the words "or otherwise" made the prohibition universal, and that no one could use a spring trap for a rabbit but in a rabbit-hole except the owner of the land who was the actual occupier. The Court decided that although the case was not free from doubt, yet if it had been intended to deprive a shooting tenant who held the shooting by lease from the owner, clearer language would have been used. The Act was meant to give the tenant an inalienable right to kill ground game, and this section was only intended to place restriction on the way the occupying tenant exercised the right the statute gave to him, and consequently quashed the conviction.

We are very glad to see this decision. Things have changed very much since the Ground Game Act was passed, and if a shooting tenant, who is now bound to keep down the ground game or run the risk of an action by the tenant for damage for the injury the ground game may do, is not to be allowed to use all such means as may be necessary in his opinion for the purpose, a very intolerable state of things might ensue. A man would be sued for not doing certain things which the law forbade him to do. It is quite one thing giving a shooting tenant the right to kill the game he pays for in any way he thinks best; it is quite another to allow a peaching farmer, under the pretence of killing ground game, to trap all the shooting tenants' pheasants. We are glad to see that in this case at least the law has proved true to its old description of being "the perfection of human reason."



Ward Muir.

"THE DAY IS SPENT AND COMETH DROWSY NIGHT."

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TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE BARKIES.

BY

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.



LIKE the animals in the Ark, large families go two by two. Rick and I had been a pair from nursery days, and it was natural that after a two years' separation we should have a good deal to say to each other. But that anyone should take us for a newly-married couple was amusing.

"Barkie and Miss Barkie do," I told Rick, after breakfast one morning.

Rick was hanging his bathing-towel on the roof of the bungalow, which is a matter requiring skill, because the stone with which you try to pin down the towel has an undisguised preference for pinning down your foot.

"Who are Barkie and Miss Barkie?" he asked, when he had time.

"Our greengrocers—Barkers; don't you remember?"

"Well, but *Barkie*!" Rick expostulated.

"Oh, well, his sister calls him that, and when you've once heard it nothing else seems to fit."

Rick expressed a desire to know the Barkies, and we went into the village to buy bananas.

The Barkies' shop was, so to speak, in a backwater, separated from the main road by the width of a nursery garden. It was a little new triangular house that had thought there was room for it between two older ones, and bustling in delightedly had found that there wasn't. This somehow was so much like the general behaviour of the Barkies themselves that though they were not responsible for the building of the house, one felt they ought to have been.

Miss Barkie was struggling in a sea of commerce when we entered. At one end of the small shop were four sun-baked, sea-hardened boys, drinking deadly-looking pink and yellow liquids out of Miss Barkie's bottles. I felt glad that they looked the right sort of boys, since it was clearly impossible for Miss Barkie to know what they were doing. In front of the boys was a crowd of ladies and children, recognisable as belonging to that class that at the seaside is known broadly as "Visitors."

"And four pounds of greengages," said one of the visitors nearest to the counter, continuing an order.

Miss Barkie looked helplessly round her domain, as though nothing could be more improbable than the existence of four pounds of greengages anywhere.

"I don't know if Barkie ordered . . . oh! there they are . . . now, if I can lift . . . did you say one pound? . . . I wonder where Barkie's baskets . . . oh! four pounds; thank you."

While engaged in business most of Miss Barkie's sentences were constructed after this fashion, only more so; that is to say, there never was in reality a full-stop anywhere; she just went on and on in little bursts, like a motor-omnibus in congested traffic.

"Barkie's written about those paper bags, but I don't believe they've . . . well, I'll weigh this basket first, and then weigh the greengages in it . . . now, wherever can Barkie have put that weight? . . . he ought to be back in a few minutes. . . ."

But the visitor was spared the necessity of awaiting Barkie's possible return by a little girl who found the missing weight under a large potato. The matter of weighing the basket, however, and allowing the visitor exactly so much more than four pounds of greengages was more complicated, and it was not long before Miss Barkie gave it up.

"Now, if only Barkie was here—" she began, vaguely. There was a kind of charm about Miss Barkie's vagueness. She was always vague; it was as much a part of her as her eyes and mouth. Rick and I whole-heartedly joined in the visitors' competition to solve this arithmetical problem for Miss Barkie. She smiled tranquilly, and when a sufficient majority

of us were found to be chanting the same figure, she admitted its probable accuracy and selected her weights accordingly.

To our relief the departing visitor was found to be in connection with all the other visitors in the shop, including the four boys, and the whole party followed her out.

"Sixpennyworth of bananas, please," I said, briskly.

An anxious pucker appeared between Miss Barkie's eyes and she looked helplessly round. "I knew someone would want . . . I mentioned it only yesterday to Barkie . . . oh, yes, we *have* bananas, only they are all either over-ripe or green."

"We like them both ways," Rick assured her, soothingly. "Threepennyworth of each, please."

Miss Barkie's pucker disappeared and she smiled archly.

"There, now," she said, with a reproachful look at me, "if that doesn't prove it!"

"What?" we asked.

"Why, not minding what you eat."

"But what does it prove?" Rick demanded.

"Well, I never!" Miss Barkie leaned a little over the counter towards him and blushed. Miss Barkie's blushes were really most attractive, considering her age. But then—what was her age? She was rather round and stout, and always dressed very neatly in black or grey. Her hair was quite white, but the cheeks beneath it were smooth and fresh like a girl's, and her eyes were brightly blue. As she looked at Rick her hands fluttered undecidedly among the things on the counter—apples, currants, potatoes, carrots—absurd things to have anything to do with hands so small and white and blue-veined. "Your—" began Miss Barkie, and glanced at me. "She said you weren't married," she observed.

Rick nodded solemnly. "Prayer Book very emphatic on the point," he answered. "Not the ghost of a chance for us."

Miss Barkie's vagueness momentarily disappeared. "Oh, I see," she said, with interest; "you mean deceased wife's sister?"

"Well, no," Rick explained, judiciously, "not deceased wife's, just sister—plain sister, you know."

Miss Barkie was not in the least impressed. "Well, of course, if you will have it so—" she sighed, regretfully. "Not that you need have minded telling *me*. I know how you'd feel about it. People teasing you. . . . Honeymoon and that kind of thing. . . . Sixpennyworth of red plums, did you say?"

"Yes, please," I said, weakly, and Miss Barkie bent down for them. Rick, bubbling over with laughter, kissed me loudly.

"I heard you," Miss Barkie announced, dragging forth the red plums. "Plain sister! Well, I never!"

She was so easy to deceive that we were almost ashamed of ourselves.

"Doesn't Bark—Mr. Barker ever kiss you?" demanded Rick, audaciously.

"The idea!" Miss Barkie's face was overspread with another of her girl-blushes. "Here are the plums, sir."

On the strength of a supposed secret in the shape of a honeymoon we were soon quite intimate with the Barkies.

Barkie was a big, ungainly man, with a shy manner, and as many sharp corners as Miss Barkie had comfortable curves. He, too, was vague, and had a genius only short of hers for general incapacity.

"Why on earth don't you beat the big drum?" Rick asked them despairingly one day, when Barkie had intimated that "the business" was not a financial success. "Here you take a shop in a hole and corner like this, and outside you paint just 'Barker,' as though there weren't as many Barkers as—as bakers in England. And then, as if that wasn't enough, you have an

enamelled 'Milk Chocolate' stuck on your window; so that any visitors who see the place at all from the main road naturally suppose it's a sweet-shop, and, as you know, they can find plenty nearer. Whereas a greengrocer's is wanted, and if people only knew— Besides," he ended, exasperatedly, "you haven't even got any milk chocolate; you know you haven't."

The Barkies agreed: it was a point that admitted of no vagueness at all.

"But, you see," Barkie defended himself, "before we took it this summer it *was* a sweet-shop, and it seemed a pity to pull down any of the—the fixtures."

"And we do keep not toffee," triumphed Miss Barkie. "At least—wherever is it, Barkie? I feel sure I laid it . . . oh, no, that was the pear drops, or maybe . . . well, I recollect serving some to a visitor this morning, along with two pounds of red kurns" (*kurns* for *currants* was one of Miss Barkie's few lapses from grammatical grace), "and I'm sure I must have . . ."

They combined—if anything so vague and unsystematic could be called combination—in a search for the missing toffee.

"But, look here," Rick suggested, desperately, "why not do something? Let me help you. Get a hammer and a step-ladder, and let's hang up a bunch of bananas and some melons or something outside, where people will see them."

"Bananas? Melons?" Barkie gasped, with as much consternation as if we had proposed a row of scalps.

"We should never have enough," Miss Barkie explained, apprehensively. "Why, we can't get as many as are ordered now. If we could only get them we could sell double what we do."

Barkie's depressed nod corroborated the statement.

"You can't get things to sell?" I asked in amazement.

"It's not being used to the business, I suppose," Barkie suggested, hopefully.

"And the shop is unlucky," Miss Barkie amplified.

"Is it? But it's new, isn't it?"

"Not twelve months old yet," she admitted. "But there've been four in it already. It's been groceries, fancies, boots and sweets before we had it, and they all failed."

"And we've had Trials," added Barkie.

Trials was a sort of title that the Barkies applied indiscriminately to all the accidents they could have avoided with the merest smattering of common-sense. Writing an order for fruit and finding the post had gone was a trial to Barkie; so was falling off his bicycle and cutting his face as the result of riding with his head turned behind him; to both of them it was a trial that things in the shop, put down in their wrong places, not infrequently stayed there.

Curiously enough, this wild disorder, that spread like a plague through the shop, spread no further. To go into the house behind was a transition from tempestuous seas to a still harbour. Everything was exquisitely clean, ordered and peaceful, and the Barkies themselves seemed different beings in it, alert instead of troubled, cheerfully decided instead of vacillating.

"You haven't been used to a shop?" I ventured to prompt one day.

Miss Barkie shook her head. "Barkie's been a clerk with one drapery firm all his life, and I did fine sewing for the same firm." She sighed.

"And you both got tired of it?" Rick suggested.

Miss Barkie flushed. "We had trials," she remarked, evasively. "But we—we can see that we shall have to make a change. There will be no custom here in the winter, and our savings are nearly gone."

Rick and I went away saddened.

"What a pair of unpractical babes!" Rick cried. "What can one do for them? They'll starve at anything they take up."

"What a pity there were trials at the drapery firm," I sighed. "I wonder if Barkie added up his accounts wrongly or if Miss Barkie made a dressing-gown out of stuff that was bought for blouses."

"Anyway, we must try to do something for them," Rick said, and we tried. But nobody seemed to need caretakers or responsible middle-aged housekeepers, or any of the things we hoped the Barkies might develop a capacity for becoming.

"It will be easier when we get back to town," I assured Rick.

"Of course it will," he agreed, eagerly, as he opened the Barkies' shop door. It was our last day, and we were going to pay our last bill and say good-bye.

The Barkies were not in the shop. Rick knocked at the door that led into the house, but there was no reply. Then we peeped in. The French window of the little room was open, and through it we could see Barkie and Miss Barkie sitting on their garden seat.

Suddenly Rick chuckled. "Hullo, Miss Barkie!" he called. (It was long since we had abandoned the formality of "Barker," even to the Barkies themselves.) "I thought Barkie never kissed you? Now will you believe we're plain brother and sister?"

Miss Barkie, smiling and flushed, hurried towards us. "Oh, please come in," she said. "We have something to tell you."

When we were all inside the room Miss Barkie shut the doors. "You will be glad, I know," she said, tremulously. "We have just had wonderful news, and—and shall be able to give up the shop. My aunt has left me a hundred a year, and her little house at Balham." She smiled radiantly at Barkie, who seemed partially dazed.

"Oh, Miss Barkie, I am glad!" I cried.

It was a soul-satisfying event. I suddenly realised that I could never have devised anything to fit the Barkies quite so well as a hundred a year and a little house at Balham. It was perfect.

"Good!" said Rick, joyfully, and I wondered if he, too, had had an inspiring vision of the Barkies toasting crumpets together in the sitting-room of the little house at Balham.

"And yet"—Miss Barkie half sighed—"I feel a little uneasy. Auntie was always—so I've heard, for I never saw her—always a good churchwoman, and I feel sure she would never have left me a penny if she had known."

Barkie nodded unwilling assent, and I smiled, wondering what Miss Barkie could ever have done to outrage the principles of even the best of churchwomen.

"And at the drapery establishment," pursued Miss Barkie, "they held the same views; didn't they, Barkie?"

"We had to leave in consequence," agreed Barkie. Rick and I stared.

"But what *had* you done?" implored Rick.

Miss Barkie's hands fluttered nervously. "I hardly like—so many people still hold other views, or—or have prejudices—we have told no one here—"

"We haven't a single view or prejudice," I pleaded.

Miss Barkie looked questioningly at Barkie, who startled us by a defiant shrug of his shoulders.

"It doesn't matter now," he said; "tell them. We're independent."

"In—de—pendent!" Miss Barkie clearly loved the sound of it. "That was how," she confided to me, "I knew *you* weren't his sister."

"Oh, Miss Barkie, I don't understand. Please explain," I begged. "About you, I mean," I added. "Of course, we know we're—we're married!" (For it had early been found impossible to eradicate this "view" of Miss Barkie's.)

"Well, then," argued Miss Barkie, triumphantly, "why shouldn't we be?"

Rick and I mutely stared.

"I never said," cried Miss Barkie, hotly, as though in answer to an accusation, "I never said I was Barkie's *plain* sister."

"No," we agreed, weakly.

"And she *was* my sister," Barkie insisted.

Miss Barkie laid a hand on his arm. "Of course I was, Barkie." She turned to us with her adorable, shy smile. "Till we took advantage," she whispered, "of the Act."

IN THE WOODS.

I was in the woods to-day,
And the leaves were spinning there,
Rich apparelled in decay,—
In decay more wholly fair
Than in life they ever were.

Gold and rich barbaric red
Freakt with pale and sapless vein,
Spinning, spinning, spun and sped
With a little sob of pain
Back to harbouring earth again.

Long in homely green they shone
Through the summer rains and sun,
Now their humbleness is gone,
Now their little season run,
Pomp and pageantry begun.

Sweet was life and buoyant breath,
Lovely too; but for a day
Issues from the house of death
Yet more beautiful array.
Hark, a whisper—"Come away."

One by one they spin and fall,
But they fall in regal pride.
Dying, do they hear a call
Rising from an ebbless tide,
And, hearing, are beatified?

JOHN DRINKWATER.

CORN AND BREAD.

NOW that the din of the Parliamentary contest is subsiding, those who do not always study a subject for the purpose of finding material for party warfare will be inclined to pursue further the hurried investigations that have been made into the history of bread. Nothing could be more interesting, because the story is so closely intertwined with that of the people themselves. The present generation has been brought up in a time of peace and plenty. People have become so accustomed to the cheapness of food that they have forgotten the sufferings of those who now rest peacefully in the village churchyard, and political feeling is a very great obstacle to a dispassionate examination of the facts.

There are plenty of old people still alive who can relate stories of the privations they suffered in their youth, and if we go back beyond their time facts of a similar kind are still more abundant. A striking instance is the story told in Carlyle's "Reminiscences," of the whole family getting up at night

rough places where no one would dream of attempting to grow wheat at the present price; but when a hundred shillings a quarter was not by any means the record, the British farmer developed a vast energy and extended his wheat area with might and main. Tennyson has pictured the process very vividly in his "Northern Farmer," who, as he lay dying, lamented thus:

Dubbut looök at the waäste : theer warn't not feeäd for a cow ;
Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' looök at it now—
Warnt worth nowt a haäcre, an' now theer's lots o' ferääd,
Fourscoor yows upon it an' some on it down i' seeä l.

Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I meän'd to 'a stubb'd it at fall,
Done it ta-year I meän'd, an' runn'd plow thruff it an' all,
If godamoighty an' parson 'ud nobbut let ma aloän,
Meä, wi' haäte hoonderd haäcre o' Squire's, an' lond o' my oän.

Marsh and bog were drained, and many a bird like the bittern, which had lived in them, were reduced to rarity, or banished



J. Gate.

"FAINT SHADOWS, VAPOURS LIGHTLY CURL'D."

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when the carrier brought flour to the door. They had been so long without it that the girdle was put on and a feast of bread held at midnight. In those days, which must have been very early in the nineteenth century, probably before the Battle of Waterloo, wheat was at a ransom, and the loaf of bread went up on various occasions to at least six times its price at the moment. When the Free Trader records these facts he is apt to attribute them wholly to protective duties, while the Tariff Reformer is equally emphatic in his declaration that taxation had nothing to do with the matter. Undoubtedly a very great cause of the rise in the price of corn lay in the Continental wars which, without any long period of intermission, had been waged from the middle of the eighteenth century. Yet it is generally forgotten that up to recent times England had been an exporter of corn in good years, though in bad the supply fell so very far short that recourse had to be made to imports. It was the day of the wheat fever. Land went up enormously in value, and so did rents. Even to-day furrow-marks can be traced on hillsides and

altogether. But perhaps the most interesting thing to ask is, "How did the poor live in those days?" Obviously it was simply impossible for them to buy flour at the current rates. There were still in Great Britain, however, many thousands of small holders who grew their patch of corn and their potatoes, and who lived to a large extent upon the produce of the soil. It was very unusual for them to grow wheat. Probably they found the sale of it difficult to achieve in small quantities, and, at any rate, it was much more the practice then than now for people to live on the produce of their own hands. Money was uncommonly scarce. The present writer has heard an old rustic give, as a reminiscence of his childhood, a story of an occasion when his father brought home a sovereign, and exclaimed as he came in at the cottage door, "Oh, Nelly, look!" The whole family came to examine the curiosity, for it was the only time, as far as he could remember, on which gold was brought into the cottage. Wages were extremely low, and cheap food had not yet been dreamed of. There were no cooling apparatus to enable meat to be transported

*M. A. Newlands.**ON THE MARSH.*

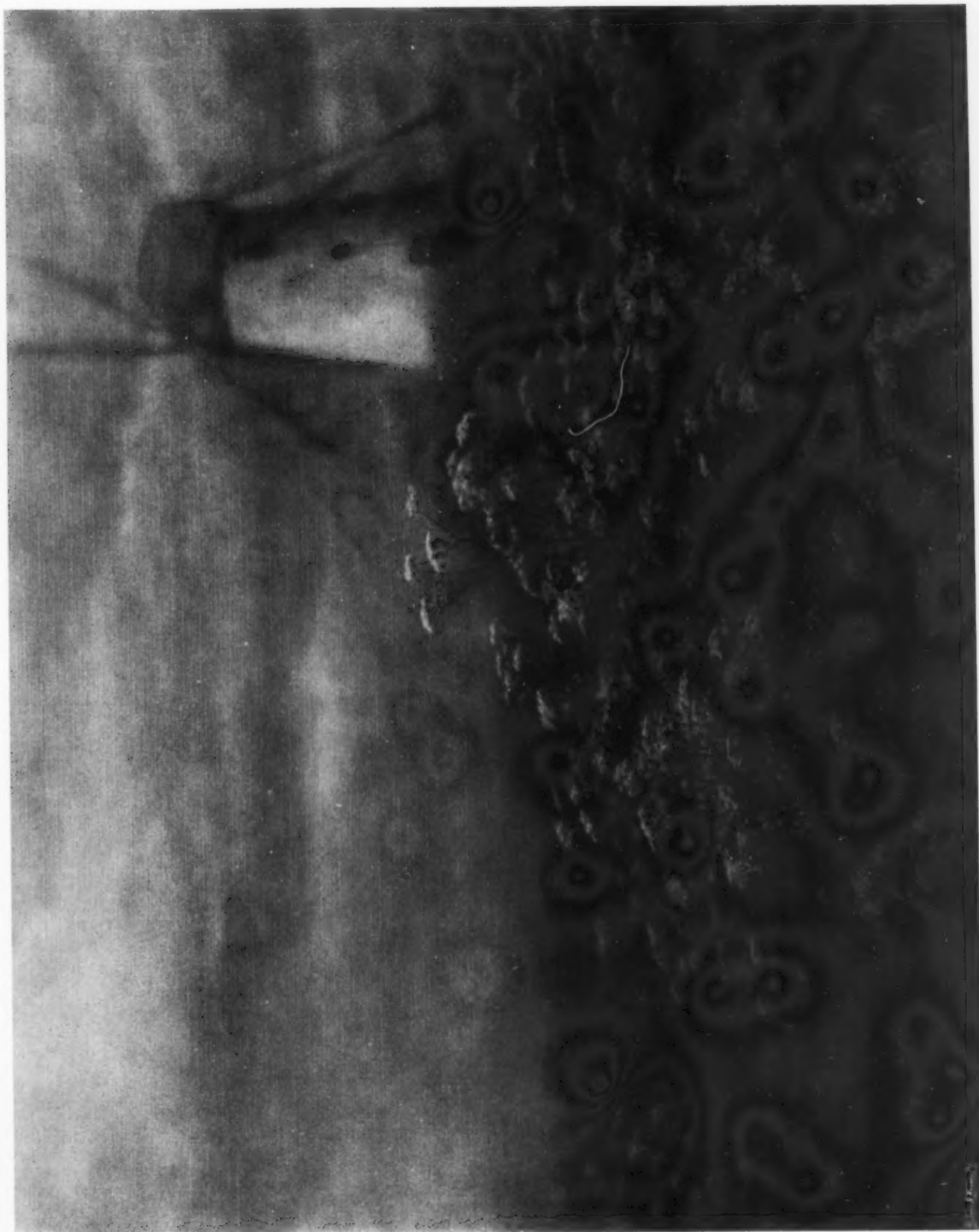
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from the Antipodes, no cheap steamships to bring cargoes of corn over from the United States, and no Denmark to be tapped for food. What happened was that people used the cheapest substitutes they could find for wheaten bread. In Scotland what was called a "white loaf" was almost unknown; indeed, in the ballads it is only mentioned as a luxury now and then, along with silken gowns and "gowden kaims." The national

food was porridge, and it was made in the simplest, though perhaps to this day it is the most wholesome, manner. That is to say, a handful of meal was allowed to dribble slowly into a pot of boiling water while the goodwife stirred vigorously all the time. The very poor did not even get porridge. They put the oatmeal into a basin, and poured boiling water on it till it swelled into a thick paste, flavoured with fat or butter (if they

*P. G. R. Wright.**"THE WIND IN MY SAILS."*

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"THE FIELD WITH BLOSSOM-WHITENED SIDE
AN' CHARLOCK PATCHES YELLOW-DYED."

J. Galt.

could afford the latter), and there was a meal that could be got ready for them in a few moments. It cost nothing in money. The farm labourer who got so little in cash had instead a very liberal allowance of meal, which was kept in a big "kist." There are hundreds of these "kists" still in existence, and great, substantial boxes they are, bearing the tool-marks of the local joiner.

The "bonnet laird" in Scotland and the small holder in England grew their own corn and sent it to the mill to be ground. Usually it was carried on a pack-horse, two bags of equal weight slung one on each side; and to this day it is curious to note that some of the ruined mills, that are very well known both in the North of England, in the Midlands and in the Southern Counties, are approached only by a bridle-path, showing that the custom of the mill was derived exclusively from those who cultivated a very small portion of land. Anyone growing wheat for the market must have it in waggon loads. The Tweed was the dividing line between two customs. North of it oatmeal was the staple food, chiefly because it could be very well grown on Scottish soil. South of it barley and rye were the cereals from which bread was made, and even in Tennyson's childhood it is obvious from one of his poems that "fields of barley and of rye" were the most familiar objects of the landscape. The barley and rye were sent to the mill on the pack-horse and ground together,

vera girdle rang." We do not know that any commentator of the poet has ever made a gloss on this passage. Yet it is doubtful if one out of every hundred readers of Burns could explain it at the present moment. As a matter of fact, girdles, when not in use, were hung up on a nail near the complex, and, of course, jangled when there was any unusual commotion in the little shanty.

It was not until comparatively recent times that oven bread came into general use. In the South we read of many curious devices for making bread without flour in the hard times that came with the Continental wars. Beech nuts, for instance, were roughly ground and made into a kind of paste. There is mention of acorns being treated in the same way, though one would imagine that they must have formed a very indigestible food. Often attempts were made to obtain a little flour to improve the bread, and it was inevitable that the farm thief should be discovered now and then. Disagreeable stories are told of the harder farmers who set traps, which seem to have been large steel rabbit-traps, in the mouths of their sacks for the purpose of catching pilferers' hands. It must be remembered that this was the day of the spring-gun and man-trap and many another device for checking the midnight performances of poacher and thief. We remember seeing a spring-gun which had been kept as a curiosity. It was constructed to turn on a swivel and



F. M. Sutcliffe.

"THE DARK ROUND OF THE DRIPPING WHEEL."

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making what may be called English black bread, though it never went under that name as far as our knowledge goes. Nobody eats rye bread to-day, and its disuse for that purpose synchronises with the disappearance of many other articles of food. Where is now the pudding that William Cobbett used to ecstasise over? Probably very few people know what he meant by "pudding," and associate that word with some of the sweet dishes that tickle the palate of the present generation. It was in reality a sort of batter made with flour and would not suit the fastidious tastes of the young people of to-day. No one now drinks frumenty. Syllabubs are of the past, and many wild creatures that were esteemed delicacies are not, to say the least, so widely consumed. The scarcity of food in those days is evidenced by the value placed on young rooks, young gulls, squirrels and even rats as articles of diet, while a large number of sea-birds that we now consider too rank for the table were then regularly eaten. But that was in the times when a cygnet or a peacock was still thought to be a feast for a king.

The staple food of the poorest people in the North of England used to be barley bannocks, a bannock being a circular cake about three inches in thickness, cooked on the girdle that at one time was an essential article of furniture in every North Country kitchen. It will be remembered that in "The Jolly Beggars," when their revelry was at its height, the poet says "the

fling a large quantity of tar on the face and clothes of anyone who touched the concealed spring.

But while existence was hard and difficult to maintain in those times, it must be admitted that the generation produced was an extremely strong and healthy one. Most of the substitutes for wheat-flour were wholesome and nourishing in their character, and there are medical men who still preach the gospel that children and young people, at any rate, cannot be better fed than on oatmeal porridge, while bread with bran in it is a common article of diet among those with whom the price of food is no longer a matter of life or death. But it is curious to observe that the mass of the population began at once to give up the old dishes and old forms of bread when, after 1879, foreign and Colonial supplies produced an unheard-of cheapness in the English market. Ancient Scots of the Old Guard may be heard at this day prophesying the ruin of their country because the young men and women take eggs and bacon for their breakfast, and instead of oatmeal cake eat white bread. In England barley is still a considerable crop, but only in those counties where it can be produced of the quality that makes it invaluable for malting purposes. The use of barley bread has entirely ceased. Rye, as a farm crop, has also sadly diminished. It is still grown in some places, but chiefly as a forage crop. Such is

the history of bread in England, and the chief interest about it now lies in the speculation whether or no the countries of the Continent of Europe are passing through a similar experience.

PIG TALES.

WITHOUT a really staunch and sound mount, pig-sticking is a poor game. In my early days in India I was as singularly unfortunate in my purchases as in later life I was lucky, for I had a grey Arab, a big chestnut Waler stallion, who was one of the handsomest horses ever imported, and said by the dealer to be a slight whistler, but roared like a bull, a Waler pony and three country-breds, composing a stud of six hunters, all staunch and steady to a charging boar, and fond of the sport as much as their rider. The big Waler's *début* with a pig was trying for a beginner. It was early morning on the Sujanagar chur, which is on the northern bank of the Ganges in the Pubna district, and being in the month of January there was that cold fog which lies like great rolls of cotton-wool across the heavy, treacherous sand and over the now almost stagnant river Ganges. A pig had been roused from his lair in the fir jungle, and passed quite close to me, going towards the river. I pressed him very hard, for fear he would be lost in the fog, and suddenly he disappeared and all was silent for a moment; then my horse and I were not to be seen by the few fellow-sportsmen in my wake, for we went over a twelve-foot drop into the deep sand below. He never even gave a "peck," but landed on all fours with the loudest grunt I have ever heard from a horse. I, however, was soon up with the pig, who I feared was getting too near the water for me to turn him back; he had then got into the mud, and his sharp trotters sank deep, while I was still going on the top. As I got alongside, his fore feet gave way, turning him a complete somersault, and I speared him upside down with "his legs all up in the air." In another dozen yards I should have lost him, the place being full of quicksands, but as long as the pig is going ahead both horse and man are safe. I never now kept a horse that funked, as I only once succeeded in making a "funkstick" into a good pig-sticker; she was a roan Waler mare who jibbed and tried to buck at the slightest smell of a pig or an idea of sport. One day I rode her when she had a bad influenza cold, and got a first spear, and, as the story books say, she was happy ever afterwards. Sometimes, but not often, when beating up pig, you come upon a leopard. I have never been a participant in a run of this sort. I know of one or two cases of success, but more of failure. Twelve men were hunting pig, and put up a leopard; only one got within spearing distance, for no other horse would face it. But on the Queen's birthday, 1874, when hunting in the Dacca district, five men put up a leopard, and four horses went up to battle without a flinch. The leader of this party rode right over the leopard and doubled him over and over like a shot rabbit, and round again as the leopard got up and turned his head to bite, spearing him through the skin of the lower jaw; thence the spear, passing on, went through his chest and out behind the fore leg, pinning his head to his chest. Then they killed him as they liked, his attention being entirely taken up with worrying the shaft of the first spear; but it is no easy job to get a spear into a leopard—the skin slips upon the flesh, and you do not get the resistance as from a pig's hide. It was a fluky kill, displaying more valour than discretion.

In the cold weather of 1880-81, the Calcutta Tent Club assembled at Dobracole, an indigo factory, situated about one hundred and twenty-five miles north of the city on the Eastern Bengal Railway. There were not more than half-a-dozen members out, the meet being on the Pubna side of the Ganges, to beat up some old villages for pig, and not affording a prospect of very brilliant sport. We left Dobracole early in the morning and, crossing the Ganges with our retinue of twenty commissariat elephants, a dozen or more horses and a hundred beaters, arrived at Bhowdangah bungalow, a charming little place with a pretty garden full of powerfully-scented exotics, and took up our quarters. After a short rest we soon got the elephants and coolies into line, and put them into the cane jungle. There were signs of pigs everywhere, and many fresh rootlings in the open; but we never saw one all the morning, and I was beginning to think we were likely to have a blank day, which was a source of anxiety to me, as I invariably showed good sport when the Tent Club paid me a visit in my own country. We had our usual tiffin of Irish stew in the open, and no man can realise how good Irish stew is until, as hungry as the proverbial hunter, he has it from a Warren cooking-pot at a Tent Club picnic. One elephant is always told off as the tiffin *hathi*, who also carries drinks and a kitmutgar in charge to serve a thirsty guest.

All the afternoon we beat up and down a deserted village, which had been allowed to run to heavy cane jungle and in many places was quite impenetrable. Here, indeed, we found a boar, but nothing would induce him to face the open. On being

driven to one end, he turned and rushed between the elephants, who trumpeted at him, while the beaters shouted and threw bombs and clods, but failed to dislodge him. There is no twilight in Bengal, and as darkness was rapidly setting in the order was given for home. Getting off my grey Arab horse, Hobart Pasha, and sending him back with the others, I mounted a native pony and proceeded to get beaters and elephants together. I made it a rule always to send the elephants on ahead, myself bringing up the rear, for if left to themselves they did a considerable amount of damage to standing crops. Their mahouts, or drivers, being all up-countrymen and commissariat servants, cared nothing for the sufferings of the Bengali. Neither did I, at heart; but it was our duty to protect the interests of the inhabitants in whose country we hunted. Being rather tired, and very cross at my having failed to show any sport the whole day, it in no way pleased me to find my syce, with Hobart Pasha, standing in the path at the far end of the village, and to learn from him that he had been ordered to stay there by the Judge Sahib, who, he said, was waiting for me a little further on. I rather resented this action on the part of the judge, but his explanation was soon forthcoming. "There is a whopping big boar in the jungle near us," he said, quietly, "and when he thinks we are all gone he is sure to sneak out, and we will get him. He'll never stop in covert after the elephants have been through it time after time and hustled him about all day." I am afraid I replied "All right" not over-graciously, and taking a spear from my syce I mounted, and under a big banyan tree the judge and I sat on our horses, waiting.

If it had not been for my great faith in the judgment of my fellow-sportsman, these events would never have happened; but he was a veteran pig-sticker, and the hero of many a toughly-contested first spear. He was mounted on a staunch old bay Waler called Norseman, brave as a lion and slow as a man. Meanwhile, it had become dark, and there was the usual ground fog characteristic of the cold-weather evenings in Lower Bengal. The moon began to rise, and still we waited on, silent and motionless. More than an hour had elapsed, when I noticed a slight rustling of leaves about twenty yards away, and the judge whispered: "Here he is!"

"That's not him," I replied in the same under-tones—"that's a buffalo calf." But Hobart Pasha told me otherwise; he was very experienced at the game, and stood with his head erect and ears cocked, staring at the black object in the dark, and I felt his heart beating under my knee. Taking no notice of us, the boar trotted away into the open towards Sujanagar, in which direction the plain, with its hand-dug cultivation, extended for a good two miles, only a few mimosa trees breaking the monotony of the outline.

"Let him get well away" was the order; and he had almost got out of sight before I said "Come along!"—words which always acted like magic on Hobart Pasha, for off he went after the pig, absolutely running away with me until I got into close quarters with him. Then he steadied himself and prepared for battle. I was right up to the pig, when he gave a jink across the front of my horse and went straight for the judge on my left, who missed him, but came to no harm. Turning my horse round, I was soon close up, and the pig charged me for first spear. I let him well in under my stirrup, bringing down a spear straight behind the shoulder, and, simultaneously swinging my horse round to the right to avoid the impetus of the charge, I left my spear in the boar. He then charged the judge, who speared him right through the back and broke the steel head off into the ground under him. Thence he ran under a low-boughed mimosa tree and broke my bamboo shaft in two, retaining the steel end inside himself. Yet steadily he trotted on, apparently none the worse. Neither of us now had a spear, so the judge picked up my broken shaft to try and keep him at bay in case he charged, while I rode back to meet the syces, who had spare ones. By this time we were quite a mile from the nearest covert, and had not much fear of losing our pig. The judge kept him in view, as close as he dared, while I rode back to meet the syces, and before many minutes I espied them running towards me, and secured four spears, soon to rejoin my comrade, giving him one and sticking two more upright in the ground under a tree. Our quarry was now beginning to slow down, and directly he found me in pursuit, for one moment he stopped short, then turned and charged me at right angles. I tried to spear him in a vital part, but only increased his anger. We had got all six spears into him, when the syces arrived with more, two being broken and four standing upright in his back like pins in a cushion. He came at me for his last charge, and I got the seventh through his heart. So great was the force of the collision that it strained the muscles of my shoulder, and without a grunt, without a single moan, the noble beast sank to the earth—dead, and I candidly confess that I was glad when this happened. The ground was terribly rough, and although the moon gave us light enough to see our way, the long shadows on the heavy clods were very misleading, and, in addition to this, the "iles," or narrow strips of grass between the allotments, less than a foot wide, made it better going for pig than horse.

R. T. SIMPSON.



WHEN Sir Thomas Windsor Hunloke, third baronet, rebuilt the home of his forefathers in the early years of the Hanoverian régime, he did not, when settling upon his main view, foresee the great developments which would come to the industry of coal-mining, which he himself practised on a small scale. And so the east façade of his Palladian house looks out on to an extensive panorama once very beautiful, but which now has the Clay Cross Collieries as a marked feature of its middle distance. But if we stroll through the grandly-timbered

grounds, we reach the bank on which lies the kitchen garden, whence we can see, westward, the wild moorland, tossed about in hill and glen, which rises up to a thousand feet to form the eastern bulwark of the Vale of Derwent, where Chatsworth and Haddon Hall sit amid glorious scenery. We are thus made to wish for an even greater power of man over matter, and that the Hall might be bodily rolled from its present moorings to the delightful site close by, where flowers, fruits and vegetables grow in rustic ignorance of the prosperous but disfiguring commercialism so visible from the slope at their backs.

Very different was the scene in the sixteenth century, for the Wingerworth Ironworks, over which Nicholas Hunloke gained a hold in 1545, were certainly not of a size and character to form an appreciable item in the composition of the rural landscape. In those days the Hunlokes no doubt had some business connection with London, and we hear that one Nicholas Hunloke, described as of Hadley, which is ten miles north of the city, was "stabbed in London at the time of the sweating sickness." That was in 1529, and it was his son, Nicholas, who is the first to be connected with Wingerworth. The manor was part of the great Derbyshire estates of the Curzons of Kedleston, who seem just then to have been in that ever large category of persons whose income is not equal to their expenditure. Nicholas Hunloke was prepared to supply the needed money on certain terms, and so we find that in March, 1545, Richard Curzon devised to him "the Ironworks att Wingerworth and the Woods and Iron-stone delph & water course &c.," for twenty years at twenty marks per annum. Though this sounds like a simple tenancy it appears really to have been a mortgage, and, soon after, Nicholas Hunloke obtained the same sort of lien on the manor. In the next generation the transfer was made complete and permanent, for Francis Curzon and his son John sold the fee simple to Henry Hunloke in 1582. He took rank in the county as a man of modest property, for his land is assessed as of ten pounds annual value and he pays the tax of eleven shillings towards the subsidy of 1599. The same "Henry Hymlock" appears two years later in the list of "those gent. wth theise severall somes of money they are to paye towards setting forthe of three horsemen into Ireland,"



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THE ENTRANCE TO THE SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE EAST AND NORTH FRONTS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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where Tyrone, helped by Spain, was still in rebellion. The sums of money the Derbyshire gentlemen are to pay range from fifty to fifteen shillings, and Henry Hunloke is put down for the smallest payment. But a few years later the head of the family is in a position to hold the county shrievalty, and we are told in Murray's *Hand-Book* that "while attending as High Sheriff on James I. in his progress through Derbyshire, he fell dead at the King's feet, on 17th August 1623, at a very advanced age." It is true that a Henry Hunloke was appointed Sheriff in 1623, but it was on August 16th, 1624, that King James entered Derbyshire from Nottinghamshire, and it will have been on that day that the Sheriff met him at the border town of Ilkeston. There, Lysons tells us, he expired, and both he and Murray fell into the error of describing him as an old man. Old Henry Hunloke, the

The six year old boy who inherited Wingerworth found himself amid troublous times when he came of age in 1639, for the Scots had invaded England, and Charles's ill-success against them ultimately forced him to call together the Parliament that fought, beat and behead-d him. Young Henry Hunloke was hotly on the Royal side. His son afterwards wrote of him that he "raised and fitted out at his own Charge a Compleat Troop of Horse" and that he "lent a considerable sum of money to his Majesty in his most pressing necessities, even when there was little probability of being repaid." He fought at Edgehill in 1642, was knighted in the field, and three months later he was given a baronetcy. He continued to draw his sword for his King until he lost the use of the hand that held it in a Nottinghamshire skirmish. The triumphant Parliament sequestered his estates and he retired to live at

Worcester, where his son was born in 1645. He had married Marina Hickman, whose mother was heiress of the Windsors, and whose brother was on that account made Lord Windsor, and that family name was given to her grandson, the re-builder of the Hall. For a time, however, the old Hall was lost. A Parliamentary force occupied the church, standing north of the house, which they attacked and took from a breastwork in the churchyard. But the dispossessed family had a friend in the opposite camp, a Colonel Michell, who "proved a good friend to the family and an happy instrument of preserving both the mansion and the estate from further damage and waste." Sir Henry was enabled to compound for a reasonable sum and came home to Wingerworth to die in 1647. The gallant Colonel had his reward, for eight years later he married the widow. This proved to his safety and advantage when the tide turned and the Stewarts came back in 1660, for his brother-in-law, Lord Windsor, being Governor of Jamaica, he was appointed his deputy. This alliance between the Puritan Colonel and the Wingerworth family is all the more curious from the fact that the Hunlokes had Catholic proclivities. Under James I. the head of the house must have conformed to the official religion or he could not have served as Sheriff. That was not the case after the Restoration, and the career of Sir Henry Hunloke, second baronet, whose birth at Worcester in 1645 has been already noted, was dominated by his faith. During the ascendancy of the Whigs and their shameful alliance with Titus Oates, Sir Henry was in some danger of sharing the fate of his co-religionists, against whom perjured



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THE STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

purchaser of Wingerworth, had passed away in 1612, aged ninety. But Henry, his son and successor, was only forty-seven when he died in 1624. It is said that the King felt he owed some compensation to the widow and small orphan boy, who were left at Wingerworth, and presented the cabinet which stands in the oak parlour and of which a detail illustration is given. It is an exceedingly beautiful and untouched specimen, and may be likened to the contemporary piece—also a Royal gift—at Chirk Castle. It is of ebony and tortoiseshell, richly mounted with silver scrolls and caryatides. The broken pediment of the central compartment encloses the Royal arms of England as borne by the Stewarts embossed in this metal, of which also is made the Hunloke crest, which is used for the keyhole escutcheons. Apart from family interest, its fine design, exquisite workmanship and excellent state of preservation give it a great value.

witnesses brought false accusations. A certain Elizabeth Hole, who lived in Wingerworth parish, accused him of witchcraft. She declared that "he first went about to Starve her and now goes about to Destroy her by conjuration." But though this woman was no bigger liar than Oates or Bedloe, she was a less crafty one, and it was easy to prove that she was a "very disorderly and dissolute person," who had "claimed marriage of severall married persons of good repute," and by her indiscriminate charges against her neighbours had ruined her chance of being believed even when it was a Catholic whom she accused. So Sir Henry was left in peace to live the retired life which disqualification for the public service imposed on recusants. But with the accession of James II. came a change. The Catholic King gave the lord-lieutenancy of Derbyshire to a sympathetic peer, who at once placed Sir Henry

and others of his faith on the magisterial bench. We find them acting as J.P.'s in 1686, and that Sir Henry was a capable administrator and a popular man is seen by the fact that in the next year he was chosen Chairman of Quarter Sessions. This was his one and only opportunity of serving his county, for the advent of William III. in 1688 caused him to be struck off the magisterial list and, under a new Act of Parliament, to be "disarmed." Nothing but the most ordinary and essential weapons of sport and defence were found at Wingerworth, and only three archaeological examples were retained in the county

initiate a scheme of re-building, for the date 1698 is graven on a stone now in the west porch and the two blocks of outbuildings that flank the west front have mullioned windows of the type which lingered on until the end of the seventeenth century, especially for subsidiary and unimportant buildings. Further than that he certainly did not get, for the main edifice was not commenced until some years later than 1714, when he died, after having held the baronetcy for sixty-seven years. By his will he left modest portions to his younger children, and to his widow, the Tyrwhit heiress by whom he had had seven sons and six daughters, he



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THE SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

armoury after he had applied for and obtained back "for the necessary defence of his p'son and home, a Bullett Gunn for his Parke, three Rideinge Swords for himsele and two ser'ts, and one other fowlinge Peice about a yard and a halfe in Length."

The second baronet married a Lincolnshire heiress, and that is why we find sixteenth and seventeenth century Tyrwhits of Kettleby in Lincolnshire among the very fine and complete series of family portraits that hang on the walls of the Wingerworth rooms. This accession of wealth probably led him to

bequeathed his jewels and all the "furniture in the chamber where she now lyes with the dressing plate commonly standing upon her toilet; also a pair of silver candlesticks and snuffers and pan, and the bason and Caudle cups and two porringers with covers and spout Cup and the other without a spout all belonging to said dressing table, and my silver warming pan and my great silver skillet." The dressing-table was certainly well stocked with a motley host of utensils, but the homely details of this legacy do not imply a man of great wealth. Yet a dozen years later, his eldest son and successor had means to set to work to

house himself sumptuously in the classic style of his day, retiring to Stretton in Staffordshire during the course of the building operations, which were completed in 1729.

There is another great house in the same neighbourhood—Sutton Scarsdale—which is remarkably like Wingerworth, and both of them have strongly present the architectural peculiarities of Stoneleigh in Warwickshire. Now Stoneleigh was the work of the rather mysterious architect known as "Smith of Warwick." A few years ago, during some alterations at Sutton Scarsdale, a lead plate was found inscribed with several names, at the head of which was that of Smith, no doubt as being the designer, followed by that of the chief mason. The name "Smith" is not a very firm foundation on which to erect a conjectural biography, and as for positive record, there seems little or none in reference to "Smith of Warwick," who is ignored by the "Dictionary of National Biography" and gets scant notice in the "Architectural Dictionary" or in Mr. Blomfield's pages. Was he the Smith who began Kirtlington in Oxfordshire, and in the same county reappears in connection with Gibbs in the building of the Radcliffe Library and of Ditchley and was responsible for the Palladian front of Thame Park? That is quite uncertain; but the similarity between Stoneleigh and Wingerworth renders it extremely probable that they were by the same architect. Stoneleigh is on a larger and more sumptuous scale. On two



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THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the elevations a gigantic Corinthian Order reaches from the ground to the roof cornice, and the windows of the two principal floors are pedimented. These are wanting at Wingerworth, which resembles the plainer south side of Stoneleigh in all its features, including the large key-stones surmounted with a shelf. Our eighteenth century Palladians were not, it must be confessed, either very resourceful or inspired by national ideas and circumstances. Their eye was on the pages of Vitruvius rather than on English landscape and conditions. But they were masters of the style which they had partly adopted and partly evolved, and their great houses were stately, well-proportioned and excellently wrought. Wingerworth is a quite typical example. It is built of a fine-grained whitish ashlar from Alton near by, which is weathered, but not worn, with two centuries of exposure. The west elevation has a recessed centre, caused by the projection of the north and south sides in the form of wings. This gives them great length and, except when the west side is seen, the house is much too cubical in outline. The east façade is the most important, being a nine-windowed front with a slightly projecting centre, whose middle ground-floor aperture is a great pedimented doorway, reached by a very dignified stairway. It opens into one of the two-storeyed halls or saloons, which were almost *de rigueur* in any sizeable house of that period. That at Wingerworth is, roughly speaking, a cube of thirty-six feet. The mantel-piece is of stone and the doors are of oak, but the whole of the wall and ceiling surfaces, plain and detail, are carried out in plaster. An arrangement of fluted Corinthian pilasters, rising from floor to ceiling, was a commonly adopted scheme. We find it at a country gentleman's seat like Oulton, as well as at a ducal palace like Blenheim. At Barnsley in Gloucestershire there are two tiers of Orders, but in other respects the halls at Barnsley and Wingerworth are much alike, as are the plans of the two houses. In both cases a drawing-room and dining-room occupy, in a nine-windowed front, the space on each side of the



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A ROYAL GIFT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

main hall, while the staircase hall opens out from the back of it, and is connected with it by open archways on each floor. The staircase at Wingerworth is an ample and well-proportioned example of a type which we frequently find in houses dating from the earlier part of the eighteenth century, and is very similar to those at Stoke Edith and at Glemham, which have recently been illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE*. The newel-posts are Corinthian columns and the hand-rail swings upwards to them and then rests flatly upon them. Each broad tread carries three balusters, of which the centre one is fluted and those on each side are twisted. There is no string-course; each tread rests upon that below, its end being panelled, while the projection of the under one is finished with a carved console. The wall side of the treads is panelled to the height of the balustrade and ramps up to a Corinthian pilaster matching the newel-post opposite. Another staircase of like character is in the London house which was built for Lord Hervey in 1720, but it is not improved by having its balusters of three patterns instead of two. The oak drawing-room at Wingerworth and that

of Mr. Sam Brailsford, who made heraldry far more prominent than geography, and then plunged freely into natural history, painting in hares and hounds, ducks and pheasants and other members of the furred and feathered tribes. Though oak panelled, the upstairs rooms were, as was then correct, painted white, and in the west bedroom this original treatment has been allowed to remain. It has another very good ceiling, while its mantel-piece of grey and white marble is of simple and satisfying design. In other rooms we find mantel-pieces of the Adam period that are among the changes made by the next possessor of the estate. Sir Windsor, whose portrait may be seen in the illustration of the staircase, died in 1752, and his son, Sir Henry, ruled over the house that his father had built. He married a sister of "Coke of Norfolk," which explains the portraits in the dining-room. On either side of the fireplace hang full-length pictures of Sir Henry and Lady Hunloke, by Cotes, while between them, in a frame topped by an earl's coronet, is the lady's great-uncle, the builder of Holkham, and over the sideboard is her brother, the inheritor



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THE OAK DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

at Stoneleigh are very similar. Here is the cabinet already alluded to, while the white marble mantel-piece is noticeable for the charm of its design and the delicacy of its execution. The same scheme of cherub-headed caryatides may be seen in one at Houghton. The ceiling is an instance of a very reserved treatment of plaster scrollwork, and compares very favourably with the excesses of Artari, Bagutti and other Italians whom Gibbs and some of his fellow-architects were then employing with delight.

The drawing-room occupies the south-east corner, and next it, on the south, comes the sitting-room, where a ceiling, like in manner but of more generous design, is very enjoyable. Here, too, are three exceptionally fine gilt mirrors in the same style, one of which shows in the illustration. Beyond this room, and occupying the wing end of the south side, is the library, in which, perhaps, the most interesting objects are the estate maps "Belonging to Sir Windsor Hunloke B^t by me Sam Brailsford 1750," as the inscription tells us. The mere setting out of wood and field, hedge and fence did not satisfy the artistic longings

of that splendid home. The "English Empire" character of this sideboard, and of the mantel-piece, probably show the influence of a man who was recommended to Sir Henry by his brother-in-law. Humphry Repton, having failed in several other pursuits, blossomed out as a fashionable landscape gardener and architectural adviser in 1789, and he tells us that one of his first professional visits was to Holkham. He was at Wingerworth soon after, for 1794 is the date on the lodges at the entrance to the park, where Repton deplures their absence in the report, or "red book," which contains his ideas on the "improvement" of the place. He had large ideas as to lakes and roads and plantations around the house, but was good enough to think that the exterior of the edifice might be left untouched, "however it may be necessary to alter its interior in compliance with the change in modern habits of life." Luckily, the Hunlokes were able to live their life without any drastic interference with the fine Early Georgian decorations of their house, and Wingerworth remains to us, to this day, as a singularly untouched specimen of a very notable period. Sir Henry, the fourth baronet, lived till

he was eighty. A son, a grandson and again a son succeeded him, but with the death of Sir James Hunloke in 1856 the male line of the loyal soldier whom Charles I. rewarded with a baronetcy in 1643 came to an end. The baronetcy expired and the estates went to a distant cousin, who took the name of Hunloke. T.

INDIGENOUS v. EXOTIC SPECIES OF FISH.

ONE of the rash experiments dear to our race and age is the introduction of foreign fish into home waters. The movement may be traced to three causes: The pursuit after novelty; the idea that it is progressive; and erroneous views about economical management of fisheries. The first is shallow and short-sighted, with nothing to recommend it to the scientist. The second appeals for support to the admirable efforts of so-called "new countries" to stock their inland waters; but the fact is overlooked that these waters, although excellently adapted, originally contained only a few inferior fresh-water species. The third cause arises out of ignorance, indifference or selfishness; nine times out of ten it is ignorance or thoughtlessness that causes the wasteful destruction

of local species. As will be pointed out later, even the "new countries" are guilty of this, although the acclimatisation has been entrusted to persons of experience.

Europeans read glowing accounts of the game and food qualities of certain American fishes, and Americans the same about European ones. But it is seldom realised that these individual excellences are brought about by the thorough congeniality of the natural habitat, or that they are exploited by the acquired taste of the people. This is why the carp is such a commercial failure in America. Moreover, Britishers do not seem to apprehend the enormous size of North America, the difference of latitude and altitude which makes it possible for so many fish to live compatibly, as it would seem, side by side.

There are three reasons why so many American and European species are not to be found on both continents. They are (1) geographical and constitutional obstructions to traversing intervening waters; (2) incapacity for adaptation due to severity of competition with native species or adverse conditions of environment; (3) in becoming acclimatised to the new environment, the fish may be so altered as to constitute a new species

or sub-species. These conditions particularly affect the Salmonidae family, which is by no means a large one, containing less than a hundred species. It is the long fight for existence and



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IN THE WEST BEDROOM.

"C.L."



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WINGERWORTH HALL: MANTEL-PIECE IN THE OAK DRAWING-ROOM. "COUNTRY LIFE."

dominance that has so diminished them. Through this unceasing battle Nature has provided these two continents—not to mention the rest of the world—each with the animal and vegetable life which it can sustain most easily, except where geographical and other obstructions have checked distribution. For all practical purposes at the present time, the contest, although still going on, has been fought and won in each locality of Europe and America. Each locality now possesses the indigenous species which it suits the best. The importation of exotic species merely renews the war, and it is not fair to the indigenous fish, that have won and held dominion for thousands of years, to have foreigners poured into their waters by hundreds and thousands year after year, either to exterminate them or to devour their food and die premature deaths. Man's crude artificial method of maintaining a stock of exotic fishes is like robbing the landowner to feed the undesirable human immigrant. It would be more reasonable to pit new species against adverse conditions of environment than against desirable native fishes, because, whereas in the former case success would spell gain, in the latter it would mean the reverse. What contempt and ridicule would assail attempts to acclimatise the fontinalis and rainbow trouts in waters fit only for coarse fish; yet exhortations to try again encourage efforts to introduce them at the expense of the brown and Loch Leven varieties, which are well known to dominate them in their natural habitats.

The head-office of the United States Bureau of Fisheries in Washington, D.C., annually receives numerous applications for five or six varieties of fish, all to be placed in the same stream or lake. In these applications commercial, game, herbivorous and predaceous fishes are mixed haphazard with each other. The great advantage of Government control is made evident by the ease with which such promiscuous distribution can be checked. Broadly speaking, there is but little difference between a country with its many indigenous species and a river or lake with its few, so it was a remarkable blunder that the bureau made when it imported the carp, the brown trout from Germany and the Loch Leven from Howietown. The country already had two dozen varieties of trout, a dozen of char and scores of coarser fish. The carp appeared suitable for certain places, the brown trout were a present from Herr von Behr, and the Loch Leven was the pride of Scotland. It was only when the carp became a pest and the brown and Loch Leven trout dominated local species almost to extermination that it was found that they were not wanted. The United States have learnt the lesson and will not import any more foreign fresh-water varieties, but are perfectly willing to inflict their own upon others. Canada exhibits to the world the principle this article is written to uphold—the maintenance of native species and the exclusion of foreign ones. She has never imported any, and none is to be caught in her waters unless they have entered by water-ways from the States.

In regard to errors made by new countries, New Zealand, some twenty years ago, after remarkable success with brown trout, could not leave well alone, but imported some steelhead trout from California—at the time erroneously labelled "rainbow"

—the result being that the steelhead dominated the brown trout in many rivers, thus undoing much that had been done at considerable expense. Five years later the American fontinalis was introduced, and fortunately did not do much damage; finally the English perch came, which exterminated more brown trout. Chile imported carp; thereupon the native tuchu and pergerri diminished greatly in the localities where the emigrants were planted. Tasmania, with her area of 26,385 square miles (half that of England minus Wales), is making a stupendous blunder in trying to acclimatise five species of trout and two of salmon at the same time. In thus pitting species against species as well as against new conditions of environment, these proceedings involve

a blunder such as would be condemned at once if it were perpetrated upon dry land.

Experiments in England do not stop with the importation of American Salmonidæ; we want even the pike-perch and the black bass. Both are predaceous fishes. It is true that we have the pike; but Mother Nature knew what she was doing when she permitted him to win his place by centuries of fight. He is wholly carnivorous; so by cleaning out the weaklings he not only provides a larger food supply for the remainder, but promotes a more vigorous breed of trout where he has won range. The black bass, on the other hand, is an omnivorous glutton who devours both trout and their food, thereby weakening the remainder so that he may get them too. He has the character of the American grafter; let America keep him.

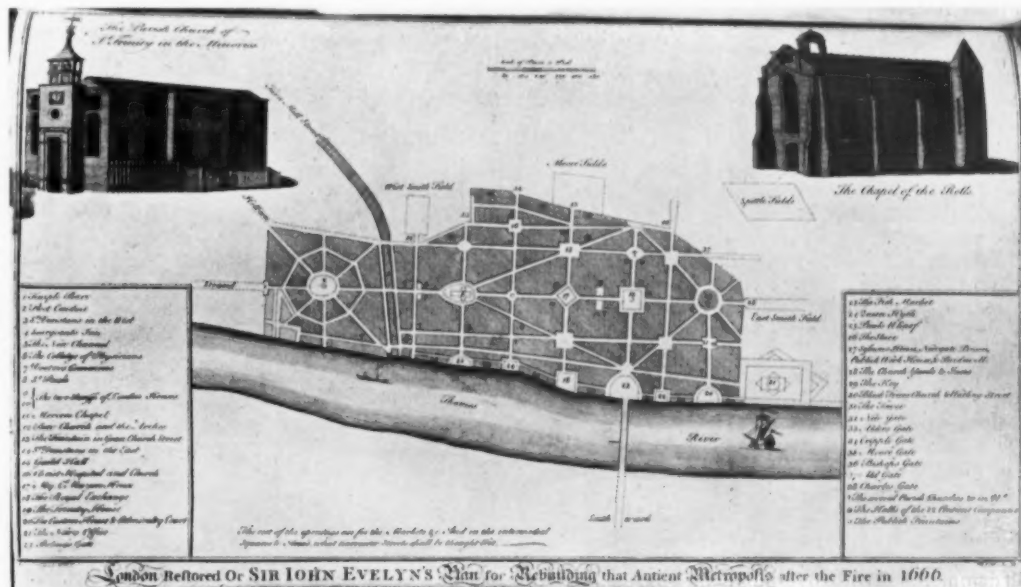
In place of these two foreign predaceous fishes, we have in the United Kingdom four species of Coregonidæ, which are very closely related to one of the most highly prized American food fishes of the Great Lakes—the whitefish. All the British and Irish species are entirely ignored, probably despised, by anglers, because they are more of a commercial fish than a game one. In spite of the impression that they are not particularly palatable, it would be better fish culture to propagate them in their own suitable localities, so as to create a demand for them. They eat much the same food as the trout, and they ought to be improved by judicious methods, so as to become recognised as a breakfast delicacy. Here is a novelty for novelty-seekers, an indigenous whitefish for the progressives and sound fishery methods for economists, because they will be working with Nature and not against her, as is so common a thing nowadays. The fish, being indigenous, has little or no struggle to make for existence, so all it has to do is to win its just place in the public estimation, which should not be difficult once its possibilities are developed. It is the waste of the provisions of Nature that creates the demand for foreign novelties.

GEORGE P. BOSANQUET.

TOWN PLANNING.

WHATEVER may be the individual's views on the constitutional conflict between the two Houses, he will, if he takes any interest in the architectural future of this country, be devoutly thankful that Mr. John Burns has consummated his strenuous labour of two years. In the clash of the greater financial issues, the Town Planning and Housing Bill has been steered through very perilous shoals. At one time we trembled lest the Lords' amendments would be rejected by the Commons so vigorously that the Bill would be lost; but wiser counsels and

the blessed spirit of compromise have happily prevailed. It is characteristic of the large contempt shown by the public for civic art that this Bill has created no popular interest. It has been passed as the result of the enlightened agitation of a comparatively small number of enthusiasts who enlisted the receptive and massive common-sense of Mr. Burns on the side of a reform



SIR JOHN EVELYN AS TOWN PLANNER.

long overdue. To the housing clauses of the Bill we need not refer, save to rejoice that back-to-back houses will no longer be allowed. It is incredible that important municipalities should have been found to oppose, and with violence, such an obvious measure of decency. With the Town Planning clauses we will not deal directly. They make unamusing reading for the lay mind, and our purpose is rather to notice two books which set out this art and mystery for the information of the public, whether lay or professional. We are spared the desperate and thankless task of close comparison, for Mr. Inigo Triggs—"Town Planning, Past, Present and Possible" (Methuen)—and Mr. Raymond Unwin—"Town Planning in Practice" (Fisher

Unwin)—approach the subject from rather different points of view. The former has spent many years abroad studying the admirable and varying achievements of the Continental schools of town planning, and his treatment of the subject is comparative and critical; while the latter, from his peculiar opportunities in this country, at Letchworth, Hampstead

of Works and in sundry functions of the Local Government Board and other public offices. The Office of Works is rather a Cinderella in the Government hierarchy, though the fact that so prominent a politician as Mr. Lewis Harcourt directs its energies is a sign of its increasing position. In the next Conservative Government it may be hoped that Lord Balcarras will not be

set to some task politically more important, but rather that his wide artistic sympathies will have free play in raising the functions of the office from that of merely providing Government buildings to the oversight of civic art in general. In the Hampstead Garden Suburb we have at our gates a material prophecy of what can be done by foresight employed by people of goodwill. We recently published two articles on the architectural features of the suburb; and readers of Mr. Unwin's book will learn much of the problems of site planning and arrangement which he has so successfully handled in conjunction with Mr. E. L. Lutyens. We show two photographs, one of a road in the suburb, and the other of a street close to it contrived in the bad old way which has created too many square miles of slums that affront the sense of civic and architectural decency. It is important to note that the rents in both streets are the same. We have yet, by experiment and controversy, to work out a convincing body of town-planning

doctrine, and the exponents of formal and informal beauty are already unsheathing their dialectical swords. We can be sure also that the obvious needs of the community will have to be championed vigorously before the mountain of personal interest is moved at all appreciably; but the door of hope which has been unlocked by the Town Planning Act will doubtless be opened and kept open by those who are concerned to enlarge the ordered beauties of a sane and progressive civic life.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE CARE OF RARE TREES.

DURING the first half of last century a great number of exotic trees found their way into English gardens, and much enthusiasm appears to have been created among owners of estates in tree-planting, if we may judge



T. R. Rodger.

TOWN PLANNING: THE NEW WAY.

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and elsewhere, writes out of a practical experience larger than that of any other English architect. Mr. Inigo Triggs is concerned rather to educate on broad lines members of town councils and others who will be responsible for administering the Act; while Mr. Raymond Unwin, in his four hundred and three closely-printed pages and by his three hundred illustrations, not only deals with the philosophy of the subject, but sets out a vast amount of technical information for the guidance of the town planner. The history of the question is rooted in dim antiquity. The brilliant restoration by M. Jean Huet of the plan of Selinus in Sicily shows how a Greek city was laid out in 628 B.C., and the plans of Alexandria, Pompeii and other old cities show how closely antiquity clung to straight streets and rectangular blocks. Mr. Triggs does not refer to Silchester and Mr. Unwin shows only a vague plan taken from the Ordnance Survey. The Society of Antiquaries has spent twenty years in excavating the site, a labour unique in the annals of British archaeology, and it seems a pity that no use has been made in either volume of the information available. Both authors reproduce Sir Christopher Wren's magnificent scheme for the re-building of London after the Great Fire. Mr. Triggs refers to Evelyn's plan, but does not show it, and Mr. Unwin ignores it. We now reproduce it from an old engraving, because it is itself a monument of the close interest in such questions shown by the cultivated public of the seventeenth century. We could wish to see this interest imitated to-day. It is notable that, though Evelyn and Wren drew their plans hurriedly and independently, both adopted radial lines, and though Wren's is the finer, Evelyn's does great credit to his abilities. It is melancholy to think of the millions that have been spent since then to remedy the gigantic blunder of disregarding Wren for the sake of the comparatively small expenditure which would have been involved in adopting his scheme. Municipalities are Bourbon in so far as they learn little or nothing from experience; and, of late, San Francisco, in its mad commercial haste to re-build after the disaster, has, in like manner, neglected the fine scheme which was prepared. Into all the technicalities of circulation of traffic with its effect on town planning and the like questions, we cannot go. It is enough to set out the main consideration, viz., that the furtherance of architectural beauty in civic life has now become a statutory obligation. It is too much to hope that our municipalities will immediately awake to a sense of the æsthetic powers which have been placed in their hands. As we cannot make people moral by Act of Parliament, it is unlikely that we shall, by the same means, create a sense of civic art. In other countries the efforts of local authorities are supported and correlated by a Ministry of the Fine Arts. In England we have the germs of such a Ministry in H.M. Office



T. R. Rodger.

TOWN PLANNING: THE OLD WAY.

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from the old specimens found in gardens attached to many old country mansions. The publication of Loudon's monumental work, "Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum," in 1844, must also have led to the planting of many rare trees, while the introduction of numerous fine Conifers between 1830 and 1860 led to the formation of Pineta in many

places. Then came a cessation of interest in arboricultural work and, except in a few instances, collections were not added to and proper cultural attention was not given to the trees until quite recent years. Some estates have changed hands, some have fallen on evil days, and the history of the various trees may have been lost; but in many cases it is possible to trace the history of a collection from its commencement. In some gardens it is astonishing to find a number of extremely rare trees of large size. The value of some of these old trees is unknown to the owners, and they are allowed to be crowded up with some common subject which is not worth nearly so much and of which hundreds can be found in the nearest wood. In some cases, too, these rare trees are being spoilt for the sake of a little attention in the way of pruning and doctoring up, which if done now would probably add half a century to their lives.

A good plan to adopt with rare trees, old and young, and also with commoner trees which are of historic interest, is to have all properly labelled with common and scientific names and the countries from which they come, and in addition give each tree a number. Numbers and names can then be entered in a book kept for the purpose, and against each entry space can be left to enter the height and girth of the tree at intervals of ten or twenty years or so, with notes as to health or anything that may happen to the tree. If of historical interest, such as being planted by some special person or planted at the birth or marriage of a son or daughter, the event can be recorded. The insertion of photographs at different periods would do much to make the book interesting. With such a book there is little danger of rare specimens being forgotten or their history lost, while it would be an invaluable asset when the owner was showing and describing his treasures to his friends. If such a book were commenced now, with the trees which already exist on an estate, any new ones could be added as they are planted, with the date of planting.

THE PRUNING OF OLD TREES.

The general appearance of trees may be vastly improved and their health benefited by timely attention to pruning. By pruning it is not meant that the operator should go over each tree and shorten every branch that has slightly outgrown its neighbour, but that dead branches should be removed as they occur, and in the event of branches being broken by wind or other means the stumps should be carefully removed or otherwise treated, in order that the best possible chance shall be given for the wounds to heal. As to whether a wound will heal over or not depends in a great degree on the way in which the cut is made. When severing a branch from the trunk the cut should always be made quite close to the trunk, for if a snag, even of an inch or two in length, is left it will not heal. The snag dies and forms a channel for disease to enter the tree. Dead branches left on a tree—or, rather, on a hardwood tree, for Conifers do not suffer in a like manner—are frequently a great source of danger to the timber, and it often happens that trees are ruined or die prematurely simply owing to the neglect of proper attention to the pruning away of dead or broken branches. An important item in pruning operations is the treatment and protection of the wounds which unavoidably have to be made. If these wounds are left unprotected, they offer excellent resting-places for fungus spores which may be blowing about and so obtain entrance to the wood. The surface is also exposed to all the changes of the weather, and every opportunity is offered for decay to set in. If, however, the wounds are coated with tar as soon as they are made, it proves an effectual protection against fungoid pests and climatic conditions until healing can take place. In the case of very large wounds it may be necessary to apply a second dressing before the wounds are thoroughly healed over, but with small wounds one dressing is often sufficient.

THE TREATMENT OF OLD WOUNDS.

The treatment of wounds which are of long standing requires serious attention, and by taking such wounds in hand the life of a tree may be indefinitely prolonged. Stumps of branches injured by wind, or snags left by improper pruning, may have died and the decay spread into the tree, leaving a hollow place into which water drains whenever there is rain. With such holes in a trunk, its decay is hastened considerably; therefore means have to be adopted to prevent further decay as much as possible, and at the same time provide a smooth surface over which new wood may grow to eventually close up the hole. The first thing to be done is to remove any rotten loose material. When this has been done, the inside of the hole should be painted over with a strong carbolic solution, to kill any fungoid germs which may be present. Should the wood round about the hole appear to be sound, it will require no cutting; if, however, it is at all decayed, cut back to where live wood is found. The inside of the hole may then be tarred over and afterwards filled up with pieces of brick and cement, finishing off with a smooth coat of cement about the surface of the hole level with the surrounding bark. When thoroughly dry, a coat of tar may be applied over the cement. It sometimes happens that a wound occurs in the dividing fork of two trunks or main

branches. In such a case, it is often a favourite method of dealing with the matter to nail a piece of zinc over the wound. This, however, is not a good plan to adopt, for water gets beneath the zinc and decay goes on. As in other cases, cement may be used, but in this case in the form of a cap moulded in the middle, so that water can run away in each direction. Small holes in trunks, say, from one to three inches in diameter, may be plugged up with good hard wood, after having been previously treated with carbolic and tar. Wounds seldom heal over a hollow place, but usually do so over a made-up surface; hence the necessity for making up holes as well as cleansing and disinfecting them. Another item which requires attention in the culture of old trees is the support of too heavy branches. Near the ground this may be done by means of props and higher up by chains secured round other branches, or by iron bars bolted through the branches.

W. D.

A RARE SPINDLE TREE (EUONYMUS VERRUCOSUS).

THE *Euonymus* or Spindle Trees contribute some ornamental shrubs or dwarf-growing trees to our gardens, and are prized for their usually rich-coloured autumn leaves and the beauty of their capsules, but none presents such a striking appearance at the present season of the year as *E. verrucosus*, which is sometimes known as *E. europaeus leprosus*. Its bark is characteristic, and, as the name implies, it is commonly known as the Warty-barked *Euonymus*. In its growth and fruit it is not so striking as some of the other species. The reddish purple fruits, which are produced in September, are followed by the autumn colouring of the leaves, which before they fall are suffused with red.

E. B.

A BEAUTIFUL EARLY ALMOND (PRUNUS DAVIDIANA).

This Chinese *Prunus* belongs to the Almond group of the family. It is, however, distinct from others of the group both in growth and flowers, while it blooms in advance of any other hardy *Prunus*. Being of rapid growth, it soon forms a good specimen, while it begins to flower early in life. Its branches are more slender than those of either the Almond or the Peach, and they are somewhat drooping. The flowers are pink, about three-quarters of an inch across, and borne profusely from buds on the whole of the previous year's wood. As a rule, the flowers are at their best about the middle of February, though they may be seen sometimes at the end of January. A white form known as *alba* is grown, which is even more striking than the type, for the glistening white of the flowers is noticeable from a considerable distance. Early-flowering trees such as these are well worth encouraging. Though some of the older trees in the country have been produced from seeds, it is quite possible to propagate it in the same way as the double-flowered Peaches, by budding it on the ordinary Plum stocks, either near the ground or standard high in summer.

D.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

A TRAGEDY OF THE DUSK.

I WAS walking home from a golf course a few evenings since, and was witness of one of those tragedies in little which are, as we know, so constantly happening in the life of the fields. It was dusk, and a pair of partridges were calling vigorously on my right from the rising ground of a piece of ploughed land. Suddenly from my left came whirring a covey of seven partridges, manifestly in response to the call I had heard. Six of these birds passed safely the two thin strands of telephone wires which stretched up the private road to the club-house, but the seventh struck one of the wires with immense force. A cloud of feathers, carried by the westerly breeze just in front of me, showed how fierce the impact had been. The stricken bird swerved off at right angles from its fellows, staggered with increasing difficulty through the air for sixty or seventy yards and fell heavily into some roots, to which, even in its death agony, its instinct had impelled it to attempt a last struggle for refuge. Alas! from that thick covert the goodly partridge would never rise again: it was a dead bird. I should suppose that this covey, flying in response to the call from the pair of partridges on the plough, comprised a family from which little or no toll had been taken this season by gunners. They must have flown scores, probably hundreds, of times across the road and past the two thin lines of wire without harm or hindrance; and yet on this calm, dusky evening fate had overtaken one of them. These tragedies of the wire happen by hundreds to feathered creatures in some parts of Britain every day. The amount of game-birds alone killed by telegraph or telephone wires in various parts of the country every season must be very considerable. When one remembers the risks these birds have to run in the course of their existence, not only from the gun and from the various accidents of life, but from foxes, weasels, stoats, cats, poachers and other enemies, it is astonishing that so many survive to provide sport for our guns and food for our tables.

SNIFE MIGRATION.

Every sportsman in these islands is aware of the constantly recurring migrations of snipe which occur during spring, autumn and winter. Our own stock are being constantly recruited in winter by immigrants from the Continent, and few species shift more restlessly with the various changes of weather than these birds. Not all sportsmen, probably, are aware of the vast migrations which these birds make during the winter season into far-distant parts of the world. Our common British snipe travels during the cold season from North Asia, where it breeds freely during the spring, into many parts of Southern Asia. It has been found as far South as the Moluccas. In the Menam Valley in Siam it appears regularly at the end of September and remains till February or March. It is not improbable that although many of the snipe found in Southern Asia during the winter months are real native-born Asiatics, others are wanderers from Europe. This point will probably be set at rest one day by the system of ringing captured birds, which already obtains and has been successful. We know, for instance, that

white storks, ringed in Germany, have been slain in South Africa during their tremendous migration South.

EUROPEAN SNIPE IN AFRICA.

Our British, or rather European, snipe is found, during the winter migration, not only in the Atlantic Islands, but in many parts of Africa. It traverses the Nile Valley, reaches Abyssinia and is found at Aden, across the Red Sea. On the Western side of the Continent it is met with in Senegambia. Some gunners in South Africa have believed that they have shot the common British snipe there; in this they are mistaken. Neither the common nor the jack snipe travel so far South—at all events, up to the present time not one of either of these two species has ever been identified by competent naturalists in that part of Africa. The great, double or solitary snipe does, however, migrate to South Africa and is occasionally bagged there. The bird which South African gunners mistake for its English cousin is the black-quilled snipe (*Gallinago nigripennis*), which is often shot there in large numbers. This bird bears a strong family resemblance to the common European species, but may be readily distinguished from that bird by the simple expedient of counting the tail feathers. Our common snipe (*Gallinago caelestis*) carries only fourteen of these feathers; the black-quilled snipe of South Africa has sixteen.

THE PAINTED SNIPE.

Another snipe met with in South Africa, although not in such abundance, is the very beautiful painted snipe (*Rhyacocha capensis*), which is found in many parts of Africa and Asia. The female of this handsome species is even more distinguished in appearance than the male bird. The head is brown, with chestnut cheeks and collar, the back brownish green, with black markings. Lovely golden buff "ocelli" and streaks are seen in the upper parts, the fore-neck is black and the eye-marking pure white. The under parts are white with a patch of black on either side. Beautiful as is our common snipe, or indeed any one of the three species which we get in this country, any English sportsman who has shot in South Africa will acknowledge that when for the first time he has in his hand a painted snipe its hues and markings far surpass in loveliness those of the common, jack, or double snipe. A large and very handsome painted snipe (*R. Australis*) is found in Australia, while yet another species inhabits South America.

THE WATER-RAILS.

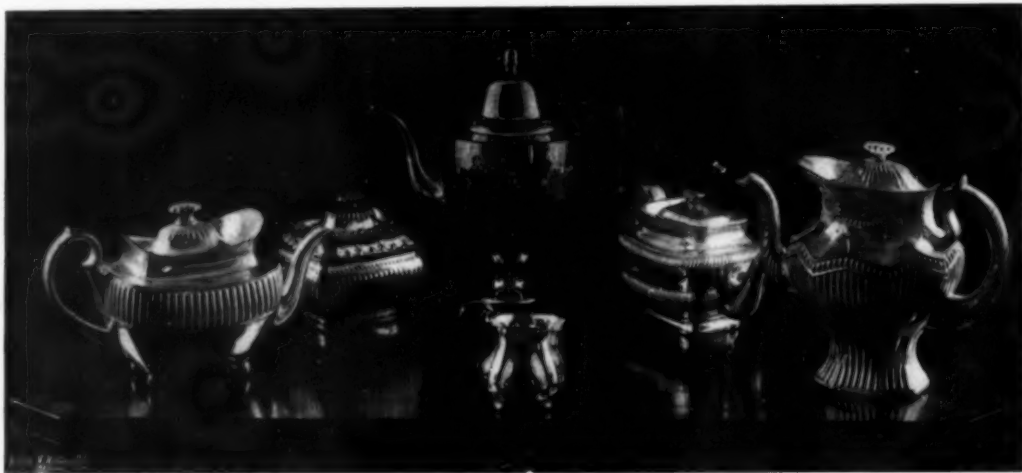
There are probably few British birds which are so little known to the ordinary gunner or observer as the water-rail, a species which, although quite fairly common in this country, is, from its extraordinarily secluded and evasive habits, very seldom seen. I had a specimen in my hands last summer, and another in the autumn, but I confess it was some few years before that I had last set eyes on one of the shy and retiring creatures. In fact, the last occasion on which I had seen a water-rail was in Morocco, where, as in Algeria, Egypt and Abyssinia, this bird is found in marshy country. The moorhens have no objection whatever to showing themselves; in springtime, at Bodiam Castle in Sussex, where these birds are very abundant, you may see them in all the bravery of their courtship plumage, not only on the great moat itself, but running about the surrounding banks, in the most confiding fashion. But the water-rail seems to loathe the idea of displaying itself to the human eye, and, hiding amid the dense coverts of water-loving vegetation, is seldom indeed seen, unless driven out by a dog or a wailing gunner.

Even then, how difficult it is to flush the creature and how rarely it is to be seen. This rail is, in truth, rather a handsome bird and has nothing to be ashamed of in its plumage or shape. The cross markings of the flanks, barred in black and white, are quite notable, while the olive brown upper parts, streaked with black, leaden grey neck and breast, and pale buff stomach, add to the comely appearance of this bird. The long red bill is a remarkable feature. Many a person has lived for years by the haunts of the water-rail without having ever penetrated the secret of the strange, weird call uttered by these rails during the breeding season. This spring and early summer note is known to the people of the Norfolk Broad districts as "sharming," an expression which by no means accurately identifies or describes the sounds uttered. "Squeen" has been suggested as a nearer approach to the note, which is a kind of croaking squeal, difficult to associate with the cry of a bird. A very singular bubbling or popping note, used by this bird and the spotted crane when molested or alarmed, is also worthy of remark. English naturalists have not much to say of the habits of the water-rail, a species which would certainly repay systematic watching and attention.

H. A. BRYDEN.

OLD ENGLISH LUSTRE.

IF English lustre ever had any special history attached to its manufacture, practically nothing is known of it. Books of research give but scant information respecting it, and to a certain extent it may be consigned to the category of lost arts. Until within the last few years very little interest had been taken in it; but now that one of the popular crazes is to collect something (with some folks it matters little what), very deservedly its turn has come. First-rate pieces are becoming



GROUP I.

rare, but each one of those illustrated belongs to a considerable collection begun many years ago, and is unimpeachably genuine. It is, perhaps, needless to say imitations are rife; but anyone who has studied the "genuine article" will not be deceived by these paltry "fakes." Indeed, such sorry frauds are they, that one wonders at their *raison d'être*. Badly moulded, often pitted with black spots, dull in colour, they altogether lack the clear iridescent tones of the originals.

In describing the illustrations, I shall place the three colours in which lustre is produced, in the order of merit in which they stand in a collector's eyes. Silver lustre dates from about 1780. It is said to have been first manufactured at Stoke by John Gardener while in the employment of Wolfe and Hamilton. About the same date John Aynsley of Lane's End used it as a decoration, and in 1823 William Bailey and W. Balkin became sole patentees of lustre ware in general, for by this date purple and bronze lustre were fairly established, in addition to the silver. While silver and pink lustre were undoubtedly used by manufacturers other than Staffordshire firms, bronze appears to have emanated only from there. The finest kind of silver lustre was that obtained from platinum. This ore was introduced into Europe in the middle of the eighteenth century by one Wood,



GROUP II.

and it is with the solution obtained from it that some of the exquisite porcelain for which Liverpool, Leeds and Swansea are famous, is decorated. As in the case of a tea-service of the most delicate Swansea paste, the silver is laid on in narrow bands.

In the heavy Staffordshire ware (Group I.) the lustre was composed of manganese, which at one time was extensively mined in Cornwall and Devonshire, and in some of the outlying districts of Dartmoor this particular ware is still known as manganese. Whereas the platinum solution was, on account of its value, but sparingly used, that obtained from manganese, being of no great commercial importance, was lavishly applied, the whole of the outside of the article being immersed in the solution.

A really good piece bears such a strong resemblance to silver that, until actually handled, it is practically impossible to tell one from the other. From the fact that the tea and coffee pots, cream-jugs and sugar-basins were all fashioned after some particular period, as the Queen Anne and Georgian specimens in Group I., and one rarely comes across these articles in any of the other lustres, it is not unreasonable to suppose the potter's chief aim was to supply the less-moneyed part of the community with



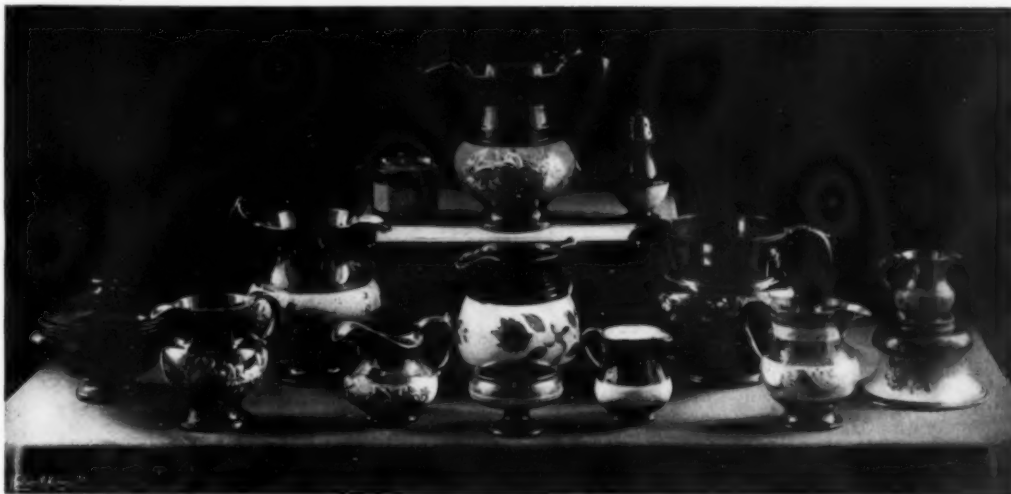
GROUP III.

"resist lustre." This style was the outcome of the desire for something more ornate in the way of decoration on the heavier pottery articles.

Group III. contains some representative pieces of purple lustre. A really fine specimen in this colour shades from a deep ruby-red to brilliant gold. Staffordshire produced some good pieces, as did also Sunderland. Swansea has been attributed with the manufacture of purple lustre, and Wedgwood very occasionally used it in the form of a marbling—but more as a novelty than seriously.

The small jug on the left, with the mug below, are Sunderland ware. Made of hard white clay with brilliant lustring, both have bands of well-modelled, brightly-painted flowers in relief. This style of decoration becomes familiar up to about 1820, when it was almost invariably used on the bronze-lustre articles. After this date, approximately, the making of lustre pottery died out. The cup and saucer are of the finest porcelain, and here again the shading to gold is paramount. These also come from Sunderland. With the exception of the large jug on the left, the rest of the specimens in this plate are from

Staffordshire. In the goblet at the top and the mug below will be seen the kind of marbling used by Wedgwood; but while these are made of hard white clay, and are highly glazed, his pieces are of a softer and altogether more refined type. The large jug is of a different style to any of the preceding pieces, and has been attributed to Dillwyn. It is exceedingly light in weight and made of a soft white clay. On the reverse side to that of the doe and fawn shown there



GROUP IV.

cheap imitations of the more valuable metal used by the higher classes. As most of the specimens which illustrate this article were bought from cottagers, this gives colour to the supposition. In following the designs peculiar to the periods they represented, there was but little scope for originality in shape and decoration; but on the coffee-pot on the right of Group I. a bird's head forms the handle. Group II. shows some particularly well-modelled goblets, which are gilded inside. The candlestick belongs to a totally different type of manufacture. Most of the specimens illustrated are made of a hard red-brown ware, but this piece is fashioned of hollow glass into which mercury has been run through a hole in the base. It is really a cheap imitation of the real lustre, and was usually bought at country fairs.

The two jugs represent the most refined of all the silver-lustre pottery, and are by far the most valuable and rare of their kind. Made of white clay, the pattern was painted with a pigment of a greasy nature, which resisted the silver solution into which the article was dipped; hence its name of



GROUP V.

is a stag. The animals are in pink lustre and the foliage of the trees apple green. The little handleless mug in the centre is called in the South of England a mead mug. The broad band round the middle is of pink and bronze lustre marbling.

Groups IV. and V. give a general idea of the various articles which were made in the bronze or copper lustre. By the early part of 1800 the craze for this style of pottery seems to have become popular, and owing to the fact that these pieces were made almost entirely of the common red clay, and were therefore much cheaper than those made of white, almost every conceivable article for domestic daily use was manufactured. A few of the pieces illustrated had begun to show signs of wear and tear when they passed into the present hands; but, judging from the excellent state of preservation of the greater part of the collection, I am inclined to think the cottagers valued them sufficiently to use them only on state occasions. Nothing ruins the brilliancy of lustre more completely than continual washing. A few drops of methylated spirits on a soft duster with a final polish with a leather is all that is necessary. The large jug at the top of Group IV. is of a different type from most of its kind, in that it has a dove-coloured band, instead of the bright turquoise blue usually associated with the bronze lustre. The lip and handle are of a very uncommon shape. The raised flowers and birds on the band are in brilliant colours. The mustard and pepper pots belong to a set, and are devoid of any decoration but the blue band. The jug on the left is one of a set of three, and is one of the best pieces of its colour in the collection, having the masked lip; and here, again, we have the blue band and raised flowers. The jug in the centre and the large one on the right belong to a different type, so far as decoration goes. The first has finely hand-painted flowers (not raised) on the broad white band, while the other differs from most of its kind in that it is bronzed all over and has sprays of shamrock as decoration. I

refer to the painting being done by hand, because in the next plate there is a goblet decorated with transfer patterns, the only one so treated in the whole collection. The small jug on the right of the salt cellar is somewhat uncommon, as the marbling is used not only on the band, but down the inside of the neck. As a rule, in most of the jugs, particularly in the bronzed specimens, the lustre reaches well down the neck, the white slip being only inserted in the body of the jug. The porringer on the left is devoid of any decoration, and the jug next it has the gadroon border round the top with the ubiquitous flowers below. The shape of the next jug points to the last period of lustre manufacture, and both it and the inverted basin on the right bear the same style of floral decoration, while the tiny jug on the basin and the larger one in the foreground have conventional patterns, painted, in the former case in gold, and in the latter a soft purple gold lustre on the blue band.

Group V. shows a greater diversity in shape and style of decoration among the goblets and mugs than there is in the preceding specimens. The two-handled goblet at the top is a very fine piece of this pottery. It is bronzed throughout. On the right we have another mead mug, which is simply painted with a band of yellow, as is the larger mug on the left. The pair of goblets standing one at each corner are of a more refined type than most of the bronze lustre, being light in weight. On the pale purple band the scroll pattern is picked out in gold. The straight sided goblets on either side of the box are called by the cottagers beer mugs. The one on the left I have already referred to as having the decoration in transfer. The other is hand-painted and has a deep beading near the top. A faint pink marbling covers the inside of the large mug on the left, while the one on the right has the gadroon edge. Of the three remaining goblets in the centre, the one on the left is the most uncommon, the bowl being fluted near the stem and with a resist pattern round the top.

C. H.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

POSTHUMOUS works are deservedly regarded with caution. Friends and relations are tempted to carry their hero-worship beyond the bounds of moderation, and treasure each scrap of paper, as though an illustrious man could not write, save in letters of gold.

But how often the element of clay preponderates in the remains of the idol! These objections do not hold good in regard to the last volume of Meredith's poems, which has been issued under the title, *Poems Written in Early Youth* (Constable). The verses that have been gathered together and preserved will prove of inestimable value to the student. Many of them appear to have been composed while he was still wrestling with the task of giving expression to his own individuality. In the lines we hear echoes of the poetry he loved best. Just as Browning seems to have inspired Thomas Hardy, Tennyson's influence preponderates in the early Meredith. Over and over again we catch the "great accent" of the late Laureate; often Meredith was unable to shake himself clear of the ideas and vocabulary of his model. There is an interesting sequence of four-line poems about poets that is instructive, just because it shows how closely the youthful Meredith followed the example of his master. His Milton speaks clearly of its origin when we remember the phrases of the elder poet, such as "God-gifted organ voice of England," and the general tenor of Tennyson's majestic eulogy:

Like to some deep-chested organ whose grand inspiration,
Serenely majestic in utterance, lofty and calm,
Interprets to mortals with melody great as its burthen,
The mystical harmonies chiming for ever throughout the bright spheres.

Many of the phrases used are very happy. For example, Coleridge is "a brook glancing under green leaves"; Shelley, "a skylark whose glistening winglets ascending"; Wordsworth, "a breath of the mountains"; Keats,

The song of a nightingale sent thro' a slumbrous valley,
Low-lidded with twilight, and tranced with the dolorous sound,

but it is astonishing to discover an equal admiration of Southey, "Lo! the grand Epic advances." It reminds us, however, that Southey, too, had his day, little as he suits the taste of the present generation. In the richly wrought and embroidered "Daphne" there are indescribable echoes of "Locksley Hall," though the measure is altogether different. Three quatrains will show what we mean:

Many a morn the naked beauty
Saw her bright reflection down
In the flowing smooth-faced river,
While the god came sheening down

Down from Pindus bright Peneus
Tells its muse-melodious source;
Sacred is its fountained birthplace,
And the Orient floods its course.

Many a morn the sunny darling
Saw the rising chariot-rays,
From the winding river-reaches,
Mellowing in amber haze.

This lacks the workmanship, but is in the spirit of Tennyson's

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.
Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Meredith was of the same circle as Rossetti, Morris and Swinburne, and, like them, was attracted to the Border Ballad. The fashion of imitating ballads has gone out now, but, as if to remind us that it once prevailed, a specimen is given here of ballad-making. It is conceived as only a novelist could conceive it, and the style is not unlike that of "Binnorie O Binnorie":

The old grey mother she thrummed on her knee;
There is a rose that's ready;
And which of the handsome young men shall it be?
There's a rose that's ready for clipping.

It would not be true, however, to say that he had reproduced the bald naked simplicity of the nameless men who composed the original ballads. Meredith was far more at home when he had opportunity for using his wit. His modern ballads are far more effective than his sham antique. "Grandfather Bridgman" is a story told in verse with the skill and tact of a master in the art. It is also a moving piece of work, full of insight and sympathy. But Meredith is at his very best when interpreting the moods and sentiments of "vagrant men." There are touches to delight the connoisseur in "The Beggar's Soliloquy." How could such a man epitomise his views of marriage better than by saying of a wife:

She pulls out your hair, but she brushes your hat,

and here is a thumbnail vignette:

You nice little madam! You know you're nice.
I remember hearing a parson say
You're a plateful of vanity pepper'd with vice;
You chap at the gate thinks t'other way.
On his waistcoat you read both his head and his heart:
There's a whole week's wages there figured in gold!
Yes! when you turn round you may well give a start:
It's fun to a fellow who's getting old.

The philosophy of Roving Tim is that of a man who has been "wised up," as the Americans say, by experience:

Lord, no, man's lot is not for bliss;
To call it woe is blindness;
It's here a kick, and it's there a kiss,
And here and there a kindness.
He starts a hare and calls her joy;
He runs her down to sorrow;
The dogs within him bother the boy,
But 'tis a new day to-morrow.
So, I at helm, cries Roving Tim,
And you at bow, old raven!
The wind according to its whim
Is in and out of haven.

These latter extracts are made from poems taken from the first edition of "Modern Love." In them the mastery of verse is much more remarkable than in attempts which look more ambitious. In the latter there is the stiffness of one who is consciously striving to produce, in the other an ease that may have been studied, but has the appearance of naturalness. In the book are many Nature poems, and much in the volume might be taken in the shape of a warning to young poets of the danger of being too much in earnest. There are several memorial poems to friends, and, without exception, they are spoiled because of the grief being too ostentatiously displayed. In justification of such strong language, it is sufficient to quote the first four lines of a poem on the death of Robert Browning:

Now dumb is he who waked the world to speak,
And voiceless hangs the world beside his bier.
Our words are sobs, our cry of praise a tear;
We are the smitten mortal, we the weak.

We have spoken of the Nature poems. In them a very similar fault is to be observed. We take almost at random the "Ode to the Spirit of Earth in Autumn." It begins:

Fair Mother Earth lay on her back last night,
To gaze her fill on Autumn's sunset skies,
When at a waving of the fallen light,
Sprang realms of rosy fruitage o'er her eyes.
A lustrous heavenly orchard hung the West,
Wherein the blood of Eden bloomed again:
Red were the myriad cherub-mouths that pressed,
Among the clusters, rich with song, full fain
But dumb, because that overmastering spell
Of rapture held them dumb: then, here and there,
A golden harp lost strings; a crimson shell
Burnt grey; and sheaves of lustre fell to air.

It is a lesson in poetry and, indeed, in composition generally to compare these stiff and strained lines with the easy movement of the lighter verses from which we have quoted. This illustrates the fact that effect does not depend upon the choice of strong and emphatic terms, but on the combination of ingenuity, sincerity, simplicity and moderation—"Divine moderation" some ancient critic has called it.

CANNIBALS AND OTHERS.

Wanderings Among South Sea Savages, by Wilfred Walker. (Witherby.)

THE author tells us that the matter of this book is "for the greater part copied word for word from private letters that I wrote in very simple language in Dayak or Negrito huts, or in the lonely depths of tropical forests." He was engaged in adding to his collection of birds and butterflies, but modestly refrained from boring his friends with too many particulars about these hobbies. As a result he has given us a book of travel that cannot be called scientific, but on account of the fresh, direct and spontaneous writing is well calculated to interest the general reader. He thinks himself that his most interesting time in Fiji was spent with Ratu Lala on the island of Taviuni.

There was excellent duck and pigeon shooting, much feasting within doors and drinking of Angona. Ratu Lala himself was a very stern-looking person, who had to endure exile for punishing a woman by pegging her down in an ants' nest after she had been smeared with honey. She was half eaten, but ultimately recovered. No wonder the people were terribly afraid of him, "and whenever they passed him as he sat in his verandah they would almost go down on all fours." Cannibalism, generally speaking, has been almost put down in Fiji, but the memory of it is still green in many parts, and it would break out if vigilance was relaxed. During an expedition in Papua in 1902 he had opportunities to study the cannibal at close quarters. It was punitive in character, and directed against a tribe called the Dobodoras, who had been raiding and slaughtering another tribe on the coast. At the first village they reached were found "rows of human skulls and quantities of bones, the remains of many a gruesome cannibal feast." Those who are interested in the subject will find the account of this expedition a full description of the terrible and cruel methods by which human beings are prepared for the table. The very fine photographs taken by the author—especially those of the women—show the Papuans to be a good-looking people, whose appearance does not in the slightest degree suggest that these horrible practices find favour with them. Many curious details about the habits of the people were obtained during the course of a journey made for the purpose of ascertaining what truth lay in the persistent rumour that certain of the Papuans were web-footed. At a fair-sized village belonging to the Baruga tribe were seen the tree-houses of which other travellers have written. Some were as high as eighty feet from the ground. They are built "partly as look-out houses, from which the approach of the enemy is discovered, and partly as vantage points from which the natives hurl down spears at their opponents below when attacked." The so-called web-footed tribe were found to be the lake-dwellers of Agai Ambu. They were subsequently visited by Sir Francis Winter, the Acting Governor of British New Guinea. They are not web-footed, but the report that they are so is partly justified by an epidermal growth between the toes. They swim like fish, and may be described as amphibious. Altogether this book may be considered as at once one of the most informative and entertaining of the works that we possess on New Guinea.

A BOOK OF DAYS.

The Months of the Year, by the Rev. Pemberton Lloyd. (Collingridge, London.)

IN this book the author's aim has been to jot down reflections, thoughts and observations as they occurred to him during the progress of the seasons. He has given us the commonplace book of one whose interests range from theology to the simple, innocent pastimes in which the poor take part, either actively or as spectators. He gives on one page athletic records, and on another prattles about flowers or birds, the derivation of names and the stars. It is all done in a rambling, conversational manner. To take an example, for March he discourses in consecutive paragraphs on Ash Wednesday and Mothering Sunday, archery, cock-fighting and football, the anemone, pyrus japonica and daffodils, huzze, mezereon and the thorns. It is mixed reading, not always accurate, but wholesome and pleasant. The book is prettily got up, and uncommonly well illustrated with photographs.

MR. SUTCLIFFE'S NEW STORY.

A Winter Comedy, by Halliwell Sutcliffe. (T. Werner Laurie.)

THIS is a good old fashioned love-story, told in the author's breeziest style, and set in his favourite York-hire with a moorland background. It is mostly plain sailing, with just enough of difficulty to justify the old saying that the course of true love never did run smooth, and enough of mystery to redeem it from being too tame. The well-drawn, strongly-defined characters are nearly all "Tykes" of the most characteristic kind. And there is a great deal of excellent hunting.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

Poems Written in Early Youth, by George Meredith. (Constable.)
Liberty and Authority, by Lord Hugh Cecil. (Arnold.)
La Vague Rouge, by J. H. Rosny. (Plon-Nourrit.)
Black Sheep, by Stanley Portal Hyatt. (T. Werner Laurie.)
The Uncounted Cost, by Mary Gauni. (T. Werner Laurie.)

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

BROTHERS AS PARTNERS.

PEOPLE seem to have been "holing out" into ballot boxes rather than golf holes during the last many days, and there have not been a great many interesting matches that have been brought to the public notice. Before the above remark, however, delights the reader's eye, the tournament of the Southern professionals, at Stoke Poges, will be well under way. J. H. and Joshua Taylor are in for it. We are not sure that the latter is quite strong enough, as a support for his champion brother, for them quite to win through, for there are some very good pairs in. There are two Reids and two Gaudins, as well as the Taylors. It is a pity Tom Vardon is in America. The two Vardons playing together would have been worth going to see. Brothers do not always play well together. It is rather like the alliance of husband and wife at bridge, often breaking down, because the two know each other so well that there is no necessity for the rules of common courtesy to be observed. But there are great exceptions, and some brothers are splendid partners to each other. The Kirkaldys, Andrew and Hugh—when the latter, poor fellow, was alive—often were partnered, and supported each other well, in spite of occasional rather severe friction with Jack, a third brother, carrying for one or other and offering very candid criticism impartially to

both. It was an interesting study to watch them. Father and son perhaps make a more successful combination as a rule, because one or the other in this case (and it is by no means always the father) is generally ready to accept and act on advice. The trouble with brothers is that both so often think it more blessed to give than to receive the advice.

STOKE POGES

But whatever is the ultimate fate of that Southern Professionals' Tournament, it is most devoutly to be wished that the frost may not have the ground in its iron hand at the time of playing. There is a risk in fixing the date so early, but no doubt there was the greater probability of finding the good players without engagements. These great men get snapped up, like prima donnas, to give performances. Except snow, which makes golf impossible, there is no kind of weather or natural condition which makes golf such a foolish game as hard frost. It takes all the science out of it, so that the best-played strokes of mice and men "gang aley." Merit has no just reward. The Stoke Poges people are very much to be congratulated on getting their course into the good condition they have while it is still so young. As for the house and all the "amenities," they had them more or less in process of preparation for them for many generations. All that is an old story now.

ROYAL ASHDOWN FOREST *versus* CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

The futility of the game of golf when the ground is frozen hard as iron was much in evidence at Ashdown Forest, where we had the Cambridge University team paying a visit on Saturday. It need not be suspected that it is with any intent of excusing a defeat that the futility of the affair is mentioned, for, as a matter of fact, we—writing as a humble member of the club—won rather handsomely with six to four matches in the singles and three to two in the foursomes, adapting ourselves, perhaps, better to very strange conditions, and also having any advantage that local knowledge gives in circumstances happily so little familiar to the natives. Not only was the ground like iron, so that the beautifully lofted approach shot went leaping all ways like a cat on hot bricks, but it was, for our further vexation, coated ubiquitously with rime, which made the strength of the greens almost impossible to gauge. The University side, too, was not at full strength; but it would have given no real test of the relative quality of the teams had it been so. It was fresh air—a little too fresh—and exercise, but it was not golf; nor was it even an amusing substitute for the game.

A PARLIAMENTARY CHAMPION.

Before the election the honour of being the best golfer in the House of Commons would presumably have been disputed between a Liberal and a Unionist, Mr. F. H. Newnes and Mr. H. W. Forster. Now, however, pride of place should probably be awarded to Mr. Angus Hambro, who is the hero of something like a landslide in favour of the Unionists in South Dorset. At any rate, there will be found no one to compete against Mr. Hambro for the title of Parliamentary long-driving champion. In this regard it may be said that a family driving competition of three a side between the Hambros, the Martin Smiths and the Scotts would produce a really exhilarating display of smiting, and the distance covered by the winning trio would be something too fearful to contemplate. Among those who return after an absence to Parliamentary golf is Mr. Marshall Hall, one of the earliest and most skilful wielders of the now threatened croquet-mallet putter. If the croquet school were allowed to be represented by counsel before the Royal and Ancient tribunal, they could be certain of one whole-hearted and effective advocate.

THE RACK OF SHORT SWINGERS.

To revert for a moment to Mr. Angus Hambro's driving, his terrifying length is not more noticeable than the almost exasperating ease and the comparative shortness of the swing with which he attains it. Nowadays long swings are discredited, and many people, conscious of exuberance in this direction, are vainly trying to curtail the exaggerated and magnificent swings that they learned in their youth. Of course, short swings have been known as long as golf has existed; but possibly it was Mr. Maxwell, when he first leaped into fame in 1897, the year of Mr. Allan's win at Muirfield, who called the general public's attention to the merits of this style. Certainly not so very long ago Mr. Hambro's would have been called, almost slightlying, a half-swing, and so would that of another very fine hitter, Mr. Beveridge. To-day there are several others who hit the ball a very long way with very little swing at all, but it is to be noted that they are usually abnormally big and strong. There is Mr. R. E. Myddelton, also



Sir Alexander Kennedy

THE FOURTH GREEN AT CANNES.

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Mr. Denys Finch-Hatton, who is now captain of the Oxford side and certainly one of the most prodigious smiters in existence. Another very fine player with a very short swing is Mr. F. A. Woolley, who has swept the board lately in Midland golf with some wonderful scores and of whom a great deal more should be heard. In his case the length and straightness clearly come from the splendid way in which he comes right through with all his shots. There is, curiously enough, one player who used to be called a half-swing when half-swingers were much less common, but is not now noted as such. That is Mr. Dick, but possibly his swing has got a little longer in his old age; his driving almost certainly has, and is to-day far longer than his opponents like.

GOLF AT CANNES.

THE Briton who leaves his native clime and seeks his golf in the Riviera, believing that he is to bask in perpetual sunshine, says hard things from time to time of the climate; but in all likelihood, if a man wants to combine really very fair golf with about as good a climate at the present trying season of the year as he can at all expect to find in Europe, he had better go to seek it at Cannes. He is not exactly on the course, no matter which of the several admirable hotels in Cannes he may patronise. The course is really at Napoule, some four and a-half miles from Cannes; but there is a railway running out there which takes you quite handy to the course, also electric trams, and there are nowadays such things as motors, so it is not really at all difficult of access.

The golfer who is acquainted with the pretty course of New Zealand, near Byfleet, over here, will hardly fail to be struck by points of likeness between that green and the course of the Cannes Golf Club. Something of this resemblance is shown in the photographs given herewith; but New Zealand has none of the mountain scenery that forms a background of Napoule. There is, besides, a general floral aspect that is not quite that of England, nor is the difference always to the advantage of the more Southern climate. It is really a good testing course, and has been the scene of very fine golf, all the best of the professionals having visited it from time to time. Massy did very finely there, and perhaps it was this success which gave him heart to win both our championship and the French championship also in the same year. The point, however, in which the floral growth is at no advantage to ours in England is the character of the grass, so that it is really enormously to the credit of the local keepers of the green that they have it in such good condition for the winter visitors. The fact is that if you want your turf to be very good you ought to live in a foggy, damp little island. It is difficult to make it really good and close when summers are very dry.



Sir Alexander Kennedy.

THE NINTH HOLE.

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The Cannes Golf Club is an old establishment now, and very flourishing. It would be quite impossible to say how much of its prosperity is due to the unflagging and generous interest that the Grand Duke Michael of Russia has taken in it for many years. Then Colonel Woodward, for a long time its hon. secretary, did a deal of good work for it, and it has altogether been an institution very fortunate in its officials. It has had advertisement both by the big professional tournaments and also by visits of amateur teams of golfers from the Royal Liverpool Club, including men of such celebrity as Mr. Ball, Mr. Hilton and Mr. Graham. It is, as has been said, a testing course. It looks short; yet the record, which seems to have been done both by Mr. J. B. Pease and by Taylor, is no better than 72, which does not argue brevity. But there is no doubt that you want the "sure" at Cannes, however it be about the "far." You cannot go too straight and you cannot go at all crooked without tumbling into trouble. In fact, it is a very difficult course on which to go round and get what the Scottish professionals call "the figure" at each of the eighteen holes. That is what makes its difficulty and also its interest.

Visitors can be introduced at the rate of five francs a day, twenty francs a week, seventy-five francs a month, and one hundred and fifty francs for the season; and there is a ladies' course of nine holes, on which the charges are forty francs for the month, or seventy-five francs for the season. Of course, these rates are high in comparison with the daily, weekly and monthly rates for golf in England; but it is always so at the French places, especially in the Riviera. These clubs are really dependent on their visitors' fees, so they are obliged to set them high. As a rule, they have not that solid backbone of a list of members paying annual subscriptions regularly, and very likely never visiting the course from one year's end to another, which is the financial support of a great many of the English clubs. If the rates are high, it has to be remembered that they imply the payment of no entrance fee, and there is always a good deal of expense connected with keeping greens in order where the summers are hot and dry. For his payment, the visitor will find everything reasonably well done, and the *déjeuner* at the club-house of excellent quality. He gets the worth of his money.

H. G. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ENGLISH SUGAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of January 15th you referred to my lament in the Press over the failure of the Lincolnshire Beet Sugar Company to obtain its capital, and you refer to the ancient story of the Lavenham factory and criticise the capitalisation of the Lincolnshire company. May I ask your hospitality for the purpose of once more trying to remove what are entire misapprehensions with regard to the failure of the Lavenham attempt? This enterprise was started by Mr. Duncan in the sixties, and after running for a few years it was dropped and much money was lost. The main reasons for this should, however, be borne in mind. (1) Insufficient contracts for the supply of the roots had been made with local farmers and, as the latter were then getting much better prices for corn crops, there was great irregularity in the supplies of raw material. (2) The factory was not, I believe, a sugar factory in the modern sense, as the process of manufacture there was not completed. (3) There was a great deal of trouble with regard to the disposal of waste water from the factory. This is generally very offensive, but, by the process it was intended to adopt at Sleaford, this objection would have been removed. (4) Finally, when the foreign bounties subsequent to the Franco-Prussian War were considerably increased, it became impossible to compete with foreign importations, so Mr. Duncan abandoned the whole affair. For years this failure has been constantly quoted as a reason why sugar-growing could not succeed here, and people entirely ignore the circumstances of the case and forget that the real problem is: "Can we or can we not grow good sugar beet in our English climate?" There is no doubt whatever about this. In the first place, the Lavenham people grew and ripened roots well enough; that was not the difficulty, though the popular idea is that it was. Secondly, extensive and continuous experiments all over the country during the past ten years have now conclusively proved that the above-mentioned idea was an absolute bogey. This being the case, three other important points can be mentioned as showing that the circumstances are now entirely different from what prevailed in Lavenham days. (1) At that time only about 9 per cent. of saccharine was obtainable from sugar beet, whereas the roots have now been so much improved from careful selection of seed that from 14 per cent. to 17 per cent. can be easily obtained. The recent provisional contracts made at Sleaford were based on 14 per cent. roots, with a bonus for every extra unit of sugar. Compared with Lavenham this means that some 60 per cent. more sugar can now be manufactured from the same area under roots. (2) The whole process of manufacture has been greatly changed and cheapened since 1870. (3) By a recently devised German process the pulp from which the sugar has been squeezed, and which used to be given away or sold for a very low figure, is now kiln-dried and treated with molasses, and forms an admirable cattle food. This is a bye-product which produces a large portion of the revenue. For some time it was selling readily in Germany at £5 10s. per ton, but I hear that lately the price has gone up to nearly £8. I think, therefore, you will see that there is nothing in the Lavenham failure to frighten possible investors in a modern factory. As to the amount of capital set out for the Lincolnshire company, I know that was very carefully considered by the Board, who came to the conclusion that they could not safely start with less. It should be remembered that sugar beet is an article in which the profits per ton are small, and, therefore, it is most unwise to attempt handling a less quantity than a crop of some thirty thousand to forty thousand tons per annum. At least, this is a principle of manufacture which I know is insisted on by those having great experience in the business. As the crux of the whole situation is the price which the local factories can afford to pay the growers of roots, so as to make it an attractive and remunerative crop, it follows that the factories could not afford good prices unless the factory profits from the sale of products are good. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that the Excise duty which, according to Free Trade principles, would be levied on home-grown sugar should be either very substantially or wholly remitted. Such a remission would at once attract capital, and the loss of revenue would be a very small price for the country to pay for the enormous benefits that would result and the new life that would be put into our arable districts through the firm establishment of this industry, which has only become possible as a commercial proposition since the abolition of sugar bounties abroad. This question is without doubt a concrete example of what could be immediately done for agriculture by the adoption of Tariff Reform principles.—DENBIGH, Newnham Paddox, Lutterworth.

AVENUES IN FAILING HEALTH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—One of the writers on this subject in your paper of January 15th seems to realise that the Guernsey, Jersey or Cornish elm is, of all varieties of elm, the one to which pollarding is most inapplicable as a remedy for old age, and Mr. Dallimore's suggestion, to cut out every other tree and replant similar ones, is probably the only thing which can be done, except to fell the whole lot and replant with the same variety or with some other tree. There is probably no more difficult operation in planting than to form an avenue in which all the trees shall be fairly uniform in size, habit and vigour. It can only be done where the soil is of fairly uniform quality and depth throughout, and where the trees are selected with great care and propagated from the same layer; or if buddled as elms usually are, on stocks of the same variety. Judging from what I have seen all over England, our forefathers were much better served as regards elms and limes two centuries ago than they are now; for I cannot call to mind a single avenue of either of these trees planted in the last fifty or sixty years which looks as if it had any chance of rivaling the older ones—now, alas! fast falling into decay—in height or symmetry. Elms are perhaps of all trees in the Southern half of England the best avenue tree, provided that the proper sort is used; and as these cannot be bought, so far as I know, on their own roots from any nursery in England, while the seedlings imported from abroad, or raised from foreign seed are vastly inferior to the best types of the English, Hertfordshire or Cornish elm which have been raised from suckers, I strongly advise would-be planters to select in their own district the trees which seem best adapted to the soil, and have the best form and autumn colour, and to obtain from them a sufficient number of vigorous suckers, which must be carefully pruned and transplanted every two years until they are large enough to plant out finally, which, in the case of elms, can be safely done when they are twelve to fifteen feet high. This is an operation which requires time and experience, and if the cost is much greater than that of budded elms from a nursery, it will be well repaid in the end. An avenue is a thing which must be well done or not at all, as the many failures one sees about the country prove. I have never seen a successful attempt to fill up vacancies in an avenue which has become gappy or unsightly, and I believe it to be an impossible thing to do. But there are other trees, not so commonly used for avenues, which may be planted on suitable soils by those who are not prepared to plant for their grandchildren alone. Among these are the London plane, the beech, the sycamore, the Norway maple, the wild cherry, the horse-chestnut and certain kinds of poplar. I have never yet seen an avenue of oaks in which the trees were uniform in height and habit; but in the South of England I think it could be obtained by using the best type of Lucombe oak grafted at ground level on stocks of the Turkey oak or, if the land were too strong, on the pedunculate oak. The difficulty would be that some of the trees might fail, and it would not be possible afterwards to fill up the gaps with trees of the same size. American red oaks might also produce a splendid effect where they do well. There are, however, some conifers which make a grand avenue on good land if well chosen and planted. Among these I put the Algerian cedar, the wellingtonia and the giant thuja first. Near the coast, *Pinus insignis* or *Cupressus macrocarpa* would also be good, but you would have to reject a great many to obtain uniform habit. In a deep, sheltered valley, Douglas, or Sitka spruce might produce a fine effect in a shorter time than any other tree, provided their tops do not get up into the wind. But let no one undertake to plant an avenue who is in a hurry, or who does not mean to attend to the careful staking, pruning and training of the trees for years afterwards. Permanent fencing against horses and cattle, and keeping the roots free from grass for some years, are also most necessary precautions.—H. J. ELWES.

THE OLD MUMMERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much interested in seeing a letter from C. S. Bonnett in your issue of the 22nd inst. on the subject of mummery. He does not mention his part of England, but the West appears to be indicated. I have collected several versions and scraps of the mummery's play in Somerset, Hampshire and Sussex, and was enabled to resuscitate it in my own part of North Somerset when it had fallen into disuse some ten years ago. Most of the versions agree fairly as to the characters, which are: (1) Saint, King or Prince George, (2) Beelzebub, Black Prince

of Paradise or Turkish Knight, (3) Father Christmas, (4) The Doctor, (5) Bold Soldier ("Bold Slasher is my name"), (6) Little Johnny Jack or Mac. As noted by C. S. Bonnett, the Dragon has entirely disappeared, as well as the King of Egypt and his daughter Salra, who appear in North Country and Cornish versions. At home, the parts of Father Christmas and the Doctor were merged into one, but this is not usual. Curiously, I obtained a version at Bursledon in Hampshire in which the "Turkey Snipe" also appeared; it is undoubtedly a phonetic mistake for Turkish Knight. Similar mistakes are very common among people who have learned by word of mouth. As regards the characters of Bold Soldier and Little Johnny Jack, I am inclined to think that they belong to an entirely different play from that of "St. George and the Dragon," although of possibly equal antiquity. Little Johnny Jack's lines always begin:

"In comes I little Johnny Jack;
I carries my House and Fumbly at my back,
And though I be the smallest of you all,
I reckon I can give the best a fall."

He would appear to represent the English soldier of fortune of mediæval times, and the actor who took this part always had one or more dolls tied on to his back. Bold Soldier, always known as Bold Slasher, is challenged by Johnny Jack and killed, in the same way as the Turkish Knight was challenged and killed by Prince George in the earlier portion of the play. Both corpses are resurrected in their turn by the Doctor, when the following dialogue takes place:

FATHER XMAS: "Oh doctor, doctor, is there a doctor to be found who can cure this here Knight (Bold Soldier) who do lie bleeding on the ground?"

DOCTOR: "Oh yes, there is a doctor to be found who can cure this here Knight who do lie bleeding on the ground."

FATHER XMAS: "What is thy fee, doctor?"

DOCTOR: "Fifty pound is my fee and fifty pound I'll have of thee."

FATHER XMAS: "Don't be too hard, doctor! what canst thou cure?"

DOCTOR: "I can cure the hip, the pip, the palsy and the gout,

Pains within and pains without.

I carries a little bottle at my side
which is called the Hocum
Crocum drops;

A drop on thy head and a drop on
thy heart,

Rise up Sir Knight (Bold Soldier)
and do thy part!"

The contents of the bottle are Elecampane in most versions. The costume was always strips of coloured paper, mostly red and white, fastened on to the ordinary clothes, and the fighters carried wooden swords; the Turkish Knight had his face blackened and Father Christmas carried a staff decorated with holly, otherwise there was not much "make-up." I regret that I am unable to suggest a meaning for those cryptic words, "What the proud teck of thy fattle done" with any certainty, although something like "In spite of the proud tale of thy battle done" would be in keeping with the general run of the play. I trust that these remarks may prove of interest and be the means of reminding others that the mummers' play, once common all over England, is now almost dead for want of written versions.—W. R. W. KETTLEWELL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The article in COUNTRY LIFE on this subject is extremely interesting to me, for I remember the old "guising" or "mumming" days of sixty years ago when I saw each year "St. George" given by the village lads of Derbyshire with much "pomp" as regards dress, and much "glory" to the performers in their way of thinking. I am sending you a copy of "St. George," which you will see differs from the version Mr. Bonnett gives as, indeed, it does from that I used to hear year after year when the "guisers" came and performed in the house-place where I lived as a lad in Derbyshire, in a village a few miles from Derby. Originally it was an Easter play, and the olden name is "The Pace Egg," more correctly "The Pasche Egg." Concerning this "mumming" play, which has appeared at times in *Notes and Queries*, I first saw it in a printed book in Manchester about forty years ago, and it was then entitled "The Pace Egg," and was a version different in many details and published at a penny. "Bold Romer" should be, I think, "Bold Roamer."—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

ACETYLENE RESIDUE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Assuming that the residue which your correspondent "F.C.H." enquires about is that from an ordinary acetylene gas plant, he may use this on his garden with benefit to the crops, providing one or two main points are observed. The principal ingredient in the residue is slaked lime, but some impurities are generally present which may, unless the residue is properly treated, prove injurious to plant-life. The best way to use it is to spread the refuse on the surface of the ground in the autumn at the rate of half a bushel to the square rod, and allow it to remain thus for a few weeks before digging it in, especially where it is to be used between growing crops. As the heap which your correspondent refers to has been exposed to the weather, the oldest portion of it could most likely be used now, especially if spread out as advised for a week or so before working it into the soil. I would not,

however, advise its use among established plants at this season, but on ground that will be sown or planted with some crop a few weeks hence. The effect of this residue on soil is to counteract sourness and to render clay soil more porous.—H.

DO FISH FEEL THE COLD?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have kept goldfish in a small pond for years. Having to empty the pond a few weeks ago, I put the goldfish into another pond and restocked the small one with golden orfe, which I was informed were natives of Austria and quite hardy. All went well until the frost came. I had the ice broken next morning, but when the thaw set in I found three out of six orfe dead. Can you tell me if the cold killed them?—M.

THE BEST TWENTY ROSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following are what I consider to be the best twenty bedding roses (all flower freely over a long period): Antoine Rivoire, pale creamy buff, H.T.; Betty, coppery rose, shaded yellow, H.T.; Camoens, glowing rose, yellow base, H.T.; Frau Karl Druschki, pure white, H.P.; Grace Darling, cream, shaded pink, H.T.; Grüss an Teplitz, bright crimson, H.T.; Gustave Regis, cream, yellow base, H.T.; J. B. Clark, deep scarlet, shaded plum, H.T.; Killarney, suffused pale pink, H.T.; La Tosca, salmon blush, H.T.; Liberty, bright crimson, H.T.; Marie van Houtte, lemon yellow, T.; Marquise de Salisbury, bright crimson, H.T.; Mme. Abel Chatenay, salmon pink, H.T.; Mme. Ravary, orange yellow, H.T.; Mrs. W. J. Grant, bright rosy pink, H.T.; Papa Gontier, rosy crimson, T.; Sulphurea, bright sulphur yellow, T.; Viscountess Folkestone, creamy white, shaded flesh, H.T.; Lady Ashtown, shell pink, H.T.—W. H.

OLD ESTATE SERVANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Seeing in COUNTRY LIFE your accounts of long service in one family, this photograph may interest you, as it represents a group of three servants on the Cobham (Surrey) estate. The father has been over sixty years as carter and is still doing work, in spite of an accident which broke his thigh. The son is coachman and the grandson groom; both the latter have been all their lives on the estate. Besides this family we have a blacksmith over ninety years of age, whose son was born on the place and has never been off it; he is working as blacksmith, and is nearly seventy years old and an eligible bachelor.—ETHEL COMBE.

WINTER CHICKENS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent "M." regarding "Winter Chickens," I think the trouble lies entirely in the "cool tomato-house." To try and raise chickens in any kind of a house always ends in this trouble with the legs. The remedy is simply to bring them into contact with Mother Earth; they simply must walk on earth and scratch therein, or their legs rapidly develop weakness. If they must be in the house, it may prevent the trouble to some extent to lay a foot depth of soil over the floor, covering every part of it; but, even so, they ought to be out of doors every fine day, no matter how youg. I do not think the moulting has anything to do with it; rather I would say

the unnatural cover of the house has prevented the feathering being vigorous. While, of course, they ought not to be drenched and chilled, a little moistening by rain seems to help the feathering greatly. Coddling is fatal.—D.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The mystery of the fate of "M.'s" chickens is a little doubtful, because it is not quite clear if they were entirely confined to the tomato-house; but on one point he can be positively answered, the moulting mothers had nothing to do with the ailment which killed off the chickens; moulting is a natural process, not a contagious disease. If an attempt was made to rear the chickens entirely under cover the failure is easy to explain. Thousands of pounds have been lost, principally in the United States, and many thousands of chickens died in attempting artificial rearing; that is to say, keeping them under cover till about three months old and then fattening them. "Broilers"—chickens killed at or under three months old—are reared by this means in America and some of the concerns pay, but a large capital has to be sunk in building the houses and the death-rate is always enormous. I believe more money has been lost than made over this branch of poultry culture. One such establishment was started in a London suburb a little while back, and progressed so far that chickens reared there were sold at Leadenhall Market, but the venture, I believe, was financially a failure. If the chickens were confined in a house with a brick floor, bare or inadequately covered with loose earth or peat moss, they would die of cramp sooner or later. A little reflection would show how unnatural it is for chickens to be kept on a hard, unyielding surface. Leg paralysis is sure to ensue. In Surrey and Sussex, where the chicken rears hatch the whole year round, the winter and autumn broods are treated just like those that come in the spring and summer—cooped out of doors. It is



FAITHFUL RETAINERS.

a pity that poultry-keepers do not hatch and raise more chickens in the autumn, as the spring market is principally supplied from America and Russia (with frozen birds, that is to say); but they must treat the young birds in a rational way—we cannot raise chickens like pigeons or canaries.—C. D. L.

THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK VELVET.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I am ignorant as to whether the tunnelling of moles are of any service in damp pastures, and whether the soil thrown up has any virtue as a dressing when duly scattered. Will someone kindly instruct me and mention also if there is any way to discomfit the Little Gentleman in Black Velvet other than gibbeting him?—AN OLD BEGINNER.

[In some circumstances the tunnelling made by moles are, no doubt, useful for drainage purposes. On hilly or sloping ground water is conveyed more readily to the lower levels by means of the mole-runs, which may frequently be seen delivering water like a tile drain. Again, where there is porous strata underlying soils or sub-soils, the runs serve a useful purpose by collecting and conducting away superfluous water. On stiff clays, again, which are tile drained, moles no doubt in some cases facilitate the passage of water to the drains. But on old undrained pastures, with underlying clay several feet thick, it is difficult to say that their engineering work is of much service, as there is no outlet except through worm-holes, which would probably come to the surface in any case. Moles prefer a lightish loamy soil rather than a clay, and they are, therefore, most numerous where they are least required. It is to be remembered, as a debit to the mole's account, that a large proportion of his food consists of worms, which are very good drainers of land. If moles are encouraged for their draining work, worms are discouraged, and on balance, I think, little is gained. Mole-hills are generally very beneficial as a top-dressing on pasture when they are properly spread. The soil thrown up is in a state of very fine sub-division and is fresh, and it promotes the growth of the fine grasses. After the mole-hills are spread with a spade the ground should be brush-harrowed to ensure an even distribution



A CAPITAL SHOT.

What interests me in these photographs is not any point in the game, but the manner in which the camera sees and preserves for us actions which escape

of the new soil. The trap is still the safest and most efficient way of killing moles. They can quite well be killed by laying poisoned bread in the runs, or earth-worms cut in pieces and steeped in weed-killer or strychnine. But this plan is not to be recommended except in very special circumstances.—ED.]

ATTITUDES OF FOOTBALLERS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—As evidence of the extraordinary attitudes assumed by footballers in the course of a vigorous game, I am sending herewith some photographs of the League match between Chelsea and Aston Villa last Saturday.



AFTER A CORNER.

the human eye. At least, an ordinary spectator of the game did not carry away any impression such as is obtained by the camera.—X.

SKYLARKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—In regard to the article in your issue of the 22nd inst., by the correspondent who signs himself "H.", concerning the early return of skylarks to their nesting-grounds, I have noticed the same thing in this district of Marlborough. I noticed it eight days later than your correspondent.—PLUMAGE.

THE DUNG-CART.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—COUNTRY LIFE, presumably, is devoted to every interest of the country-side, and therefore, again presumably, is interested in trying to bring about the removal of any real grievance which may from time to time be brought under its notice. Yesterday we had a bright, warm sun, such as we delight to see and feel well on in spring; about half-past three clouds gathered and threatened ominously; by half-past four everything was covered



EFFECT OF A CHARGE.

with a close-fitting mantle of snow; a half-hearted attempt at a thaw was followed by a fairly keen frost; and this morning it was my misfortune to have to cycle to our nearest station, which is four miles away. I flatter myself that I am a fairly skilful cyclist—not as measured in terms of the racing path, but as a man whose work demands the use of a bicycle in all sorts of weather and on all sorts of roads—but I was very sore set to keep my seat this morning. The cause of mischief was the dung-cart. It is obvious that a dung-cart should be heavy and leave its impress on the roads. It would appear to be equally obvious that a dung-cart should scatter with unnecessary generosity a part of its burden, as if it were under the impression that it was playing a game of "hare and hounds"; but is there any valid reason for treating every portion of the road with such marked impartiality? and is any useful purpose served thereby? In brief, cannot the readers of COUNTRY LIFE so combine as to promote a wholesome and beneficent tradition of the dung cart?—W. G. W.

A GARDEN MARAUDER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I venture to enclose two photographs of the capture and execution of one of the most wantonly destructive marauders with which the owners of gardens in this part of the world have to contend, in case you may think them



AFTER THE EXECUTION.

of interest to your readers. This particular porcupine, which weighed thirty-one pounds, had been engaged in gnawing down the stems of a recently planted hedge when she was lured to her fate by a cunningly devised trail of guavas leading to that on the bait-hook of the trap.—W. B. SPALDING, Cawnpore.

PEARLS IN AN ENGLISH RIVER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The river Irt flows from Wastwater by the parishes of Gosforth, Irton and Drigg to Ravensglass, where it is joined by the Esk and Mite close to its mouth. The pearls of the Irt have for long been locally famous, though one never hears Esk or Mite pearls spoken of. Tradition states they were known to the Romans, which may have been the case, as Ravensglass was an important Roman seaport, and can yet show a Roman building nearly twelve feet in height. Tacitus mentions British pearls, he being the father-in-law of Agricola, who first subdued this region. Bede also refers to them. Camden says of the Irt, "In this brook the shell fishes, eagerly sucking in the dew, conceive and bring forth pearls, or (to use the Poet's word) shell berries. These the inhabitants gather up at low water and the jewelers buy them." About 1695, a company was formed to search for pearls in the Irt, and Mr. Thomas Patrickson of How Hall, Enderdale, is said to have employed people to gather eight hundred pounds' worth. They are found in the fresh-water mussel, a large bivalve, sometimes nearly six inches long, throughout the river, and even in the Bleng and smaller tributaries. I have seen one the size of buck-shot, and only the other day, in hopes of convincing



IN THE CONDEMNED CELL.

an unbeliever, I picked a single shell out of the river. Fortunately for me there was a pearl in it.—CHARLES A. PARKER.

THRUSHES' SINGING ARRESTED BY A COLD DAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Many correspondents, both to your paper and to others, have pointed out how unusually early in the year the thrushes have been giving us a great chorus of music. In this connection it is very interesting to note, not only this early chorus, but also the absolute and immediate cessation of it, which was the result of a single day of very hard frost. All through the month of January, right up to the 22nd of the month, the chorus continued. Even on the 21st, which was a day when the thermometer, some thirty miles to the South of London, rose just about to the freezing mark, but hardly at all above it, after a night of some five degrees of frost, the thrushes were singing beautifully, with fine, full voice, and, as it seemed, almost continuously throughout the day. On the night of the 21st the frost was very hard, the thermometer going down to about fifteen degrees of frost in most places in the neighbourhood. The following day it never rose above twenty-seven degrees or so. The effect on the birds was such that I do not believe a single note of their music was uttered. The songster, who had been vocal all the previous day just outside my window, never, to my knowledge, sung a single bar, and I did not hear another thrush's voice anywhere. It is not often that we have an opportunity of noticing the effect of one cold night and day shown so strikingly in their singing. It would be interesting to know exactly what degree of cold can thus absolutely silence them when in full voice. Probably there is a definite point at which they become dumb, but it is very curious. It was not till about noon on the following day, when there was a decided thaw, after a light snowfall in the night, that the thrushes began to sing again, and then it was only a few broken bars.—WESLEY KENT.

FAIRFIELD CHURCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph I took on January 14th of Fairfield Church, Romney Marsh, hoping you may perhaps be able to reproduce it in your "Correspondence" columns. The church, which is one of the smallest in England, was built in the fourteenth century and dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket. It still contains the whole of the original timber framing, although now the spaces are filled in with brick. It also possesses a curious seven-sided font, three "ancient" bells and a Laudian altar table and rails. Service is only held during three months in the summer, as in winter it is always surrounded by water and quite unapproachable except by boat. This season, however, the water is a good deal higher than usual.—R. M.



ONE OF THE SMALLEST CHURCHES IN ENGLAND.

A LARGE MALLARD.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I had an unusually large mallard sent to me the other day by a friend who shot it flying at Llanacree, County Down. This drake measured, from tip of bill to point of tail, exactly two feet, while it weighed three pounds. It turned out to be such excellent eating that I cannot think it was a very old bird, in spite of its enormous size.—FLEUR DE-LYS.